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# NEVERFAIL:

—OR,—

# THE CHILDREN OF THE BORDER.

## A Tale of Kentucky.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER VII.

A SURPRISE AND ESCAPE.

Quietness finally visited the encampment of the pioneers. The sound of fire-arms ceased to be heard, and the shouts of the prowling foe died away in the distance. Thus far no serious harm had been sustained. Two persons had been slightly wounded, while the assailants had not escaped without loss. Neverfail suggested that the men should now lie down with their arms beside them and sleep, while he would continue wakeful and on the alert during the remainder of the night. To this arrangement Waldron objected, for the reason that the watchful forester had performed a similar duty during the previous night.

"It is much in habit," he answered. "I can get along very well with two hours sleep out of the twenty-four; especially when the red heathen are about and there's a prospect of using Suredeath."

"I shall share our friend's vigils," said Lockwood. "I err much in judgment if we see the light of dawn without a hand to hand struggle with our larking enemies. It is not in their nature to abandon an attempt so easily. That we shall hear from them anon, I have little doubt."

"I take that view of the case, myself," returned the forester.

Again on duty a short distance from the camp, with the hush of night around him, in strange contrast to the din that had prevailed, the borderer's thoughts returned to Judith with fresh intensity and interest. The adventure with the young chieftain, Trailseer, had called up new questions to which he in vain sought for answers. The suspicion that he was the same to whom Judith had given a nocturnal meeting, had become a settled conviction. The more vividly he recalled the bearing and height of the lover-like Indian, the more firm he grew into this belief. Now what did all this mean? Where had Miss Waldron seen and won the friendship of the proud and warlike son of Alabamon? Had this paragon of womanly beauty conceived a lurking love for a savage? Most fervently he hoped not. Why? He was beginning to know why; the reason was every hour becoming more appreciable to his consciousness. Jonah's gourd did not grow so fast as his newly-born passion. His idol was now fairly up, and he wanted but an opportunity to bow down to it.

But jealousy embittered this deep draught of love. Nor was it jealousy alone; distrust was already mingled with it. These drawbacks upon his quiet removed, he was sure that the love of Judith would crown his happiness and render him the most to be envied of men. He did not forget that there is always uncertainty in matters of this kind. Possibly the girl's heart never would confess a softer thrill at the mention of his name. She might prove insensible to his affections and indifferent to his suit, though urged ardently and well.

By reflections of this nature Theodore Lockwood managed to make himself as unhappy as his worst enemy could have wished. Environed, as he was, by danger, he found it difficult to think of anything but the fair Judith. He could exercise the needful vigilance only by persuading himself that it was for her he was acting—her safety that he was securing.

The solemn hour of midnight came, and the quietude of the wilderness was undisturbed. The moon had sailed across the zenith and was descending the distant arch. To shake off his fancies and quicken his watchfulness, the borderer increased his distance from the camp, with the intention of making its entire circumference. He had nearly accomplished this purpose when he heard a sharp metallic click like the cocking of a rifle. Instantly he remembered that he must be near Neverfail, and that in the darkness he might easily be mistaken for an enemy.

"Hold; it is I!" he instinctively exclaimed.

Running forward, he saw Neverfail leaning against a tree, pale and agitated.

"I sint parfec," said the forester, in a subdued tone, "but if you should live a hundred year, you wont never come so near death again and escape it."

Lockwood wiped the perspiration from his forehead and passed on, thinking how trifling are the chances on which hang life and death. As he proceeded he found various signs of the recent skirmish, such as drops of blood upon the leaves, the impressions of footsteps upon the ground, and occasionally where the bark of a tree had been fractured by the glancing of a ball.

He was now at a considerable distance from the camp—much further than strict prudence dictated; but the peculiar state of mind under which he was laboring, prevented him from exercising that degree of wariness which usually characterized his movements in situations of peril. This imprudence soon involved him in difficulty from which escape seemed impossible: There rose an exultant, savage cry from every tree, bush and brake around him, the sharp echoes of which being repeated innumerable times in every conceivable direction, smote upon his ears with a startling effect approximating more nearly to fear than he would afterwards have been willing to confess. That simultaneous outburst striking so abruptly upon the stillness of midnight, might well try one's nerves and send the blood tingling and glowing through the veins to the very extremities of the fingers.

To glance about him and see the danger of his position, was the first impulse of self-preservation, and the work of a second. He had unwittingly walked into an ambush of the cunning Chickasaws. Dusky forms leaped from the ground with brandished weapons. Eyes gleaming with deadly passions glared upon him from every quarter. Athletic arms were raised, and he saw the glimmer of steel, ghastly and dim in the pallid light of the hour. All these dire portents flashed upon his perceptions in a space of time too brief to be named. With the thrilling consciousness that life depended upon the exertions of the moment, he acted promptly and with desperate energy. It was then that his powerful frame showed its capabilities and responded nobly to the iron will within. His arms were remarkably gifted with muscular strength; a fact abundantly known to such as had been favored with a practical demonstration of their qualities.

He was instantly aware that three savages were very near, and that one was stretching out his brawny hands to grasp him by the throat. Lockwood dashed his fist into his face with a sledge-hammer force that lifted him from his feet and sent him head foremost into a thorn bush, where the thorns, piercing his flesh in many places, overcame his Indian insensibility, causing him to roar with pain. The second assailant the bold borderer met with a stomach-breaking push with the muzzle of his heavy rifle, while he was in the act of whooping; which unexpected concussion produced a sound between a grunt and howl, causing him to fall between two small saplings growing very near together, where he remained wedged in, doubtless, until assisted from his dilemma by his brother warriors. In the breast of the third he lodged the contents of the same weapon. Leaping over the quivering body, he ran like a deer. Unfortunately his flight was soon cut off, for, by an unlucky fatality he ran directly towards the main body of the Chickasaws, who met him at an odds with which most men would have deemed it hopeless to contend; but swift of foot and dexterous of hand, agile and daring, he was not to yield while a limb was at liberty. Changing his rifle to his left hand, he drew a pistol with his right. Bounding over the top of a fallen tree, he descended as it chanced, upon the naked shoulders of a brave, who, instantly seizing him by the feet, threw him to the ground with a powerful shock.

Recovering his presence of mind and breath at the same time, he clapped the pistol to his head and discharged it into his brain. The encircling arms still clutched him in the pain of dying. Freeing himself from the spasmodic grasp, he again started for the camp, followed by a volley of musket balls that rang about his ears like humming-birds, perforating his garments in many places.

In his exertions he had loosened the handkerchief on his wounded arm, and the blood was flowing freely; but this was of slight importance when compared with the new trial of strength now to take place. Two of the most muscular of the Indians darted upon him with the evident design of capturing him and retrieving the credit of the party, which, thus far in this unequal combat, had suffered considerable diminution. Lockwood turned, thinking to strike down one with his rifle and shoot the other with his remaining pistol; but they jumped about so much that he found it impossible to do either, and could only retreat backward, menacing first one and then the other. While thus retreating, his foot caught upon a log and he fell upon his back. One of the savages was in the act of throwing himself heavily upon the prostrate form of the borderer, when the crack of a rifle resounded through the woods and the Indian fell dead. It was the voice of Suredeath. The next moment the tall figure of Neverfail sprang over Lockwood and buried his hunting-knife in the broad bosom of the remaining Chickasaw, who sank to the earth with a yell of rage and agony.

By this time Theodore was upon his feet; he sprang to the assistance of the forester, who was now beset by an Indian of gigantic height, who, clearly, was a person of consequence among his people, as indicated by his dress and bearing. The nodding feathers in his hair; the black and menacing war-paint upon his face, laid on with savage skill; the silver rings, of curious shape, in his ears; his brawny neck and sturdy shoulders; his bare and stalwart arms; his belt of wampum, with strange and uncouth devices; his heaving chest and distended nostrils; his vengeful eyes burning with all the fury of awakened passion; his raised tomahawk; were things, which, taken in conjunction, rendered his appearance particularly wild and terrible.

One glance at Neverfail made Lockwood pause. His bearing was in singular contrast to the fiery impatience of the native. He stood calm and assured, awaiting the onset with a confidence in his own powers that apparently grew from a sure prestige of victory. The borderer was also aware that other assailants had stopped in the act of rushing forward, and with breathless expectation were waiting to witness this conflict.

"I am Wildcat, son of Firesky, who has slain seven white men and wears their scalps at his belt!" shouted the Chickasaw from the instinct of that savage bravado that causes the red man to herald his greatness and boast of his exploits.

"Do you hear, paleface? I am Wildcat, whose name is terrible. Prepare to die, cunning fox of the white and sickly skin. The war-cry of the Chickasaws shall be your music to the Happy Hunting-Grounds of the Long Knife."

Wildcat sent into the depths of the forest one of those fearful cries that have so often awakened the sleeping settler from his dreams and a thrill of horror to the anxious heart of the mother. It called shrill responses from the distant hills and the hidden recesses of the woods. Theodore saw that grim yet quiet smile curl the lips of the forester which he had noted once before during the night. He stood with the left foot advanced, the streaming knife in his right hand warm from the bosom of the warrior at his feet, while in his left he held Suredeath by the barrel. There was a kind of mental and physical sublimity in his manner and attitude.

The speech and taunt of Wildcat did not distract his attention, as the former had hoped. Repeating his frightful shout, he cleared the space between him and the forester. His hatchet was descending with the swiftness of lightning.

"I am Neverfail and this is Suredeath!" exclaimed the forester, warding off the blow with his rifle with incredible quickness of movement, and with a celerity that the eye could scarcely follow, driving his knife into the Indian's throat, from the severed arteries of which the blood leaped out in a red and fatal jet.

The tomahawk remained poised a moment in air; the eyes of Wildcat glared his unconquerable hate at the forester; his herculean form swayed to and fro and fell to the ground like a majestic tree, which scorns to the last to confess the power of the destroying axe.

"I am Neverfail! Who comes next?" said the forester, in a tone that could proceed from him only.

Not a foot stirred, not an arm was lifted, not a tongue was loosed from the spell of wonder. Neverfail threw a proud and defiant look around, and turning ran toward the camp. A moment later, both he and Lockwood leaped the friendly and sheltering breast-work in safety. It was then that the restrained feelings of the baffled red men found vent in a prolonged yell that shook the leaves upon the trees and sent a shuddering sensation to the souls of the less experienced of the pioneers, who, having never heard midnight notes so fiendish, began to apprehend that their final hour had arrived. There was a hurried rushing together, a series of rapid questionings, mingled with exclamations of terror, while pale faces were seen in the feeble light as male and female stood in shivering groups in the open air. Obed Slingsby fell upon his knees, and Philena hung frantically at his coat tails, clinching his prayers with hysterical screams and nervous agitations.

The cause of the outcry being duly explained by Lockwood, Waldron and Neverfail united their efforts to restore tranquillity, and with measurable success. Hardly had a degree of quiet been produced, when several warriors, led by a young brave emulous of distinction, leaped the breast-work and ran whooping toward the camp.

"More work for us!" cried Lockwood. "Follow, men, follow!"

The borderer knew that the eyes of Judith were upon him, and that knowledge gave him more than the needed stimulus to acts of the highest courage and heroism. Although his wound was bleeding, he was strong enough to meet the foe. Judith saw him throw himself before the grim sons of the forest and hurl them back with the power of his single arm.

"Strike down the red heathen!" cried Neverfail, brandishing Suredeath aloft and plucking from his side the knife so fatal in his hand. Judith heard him cry, in a loud voice:

"I am Neverfail, and this is Suredeath!" as he sprang into the midst of the Chickasaws. She could not but watch the gleaming of the knife as it flashed like a spark of light through the air. She heard a hollow gurgling follow the descent of the weapon, and felt sick at heart. The names of Neverfail and Suredeath, she observed, seemed to possess a potency stronger than the high-wrought courage of the savages. Those who were not stretched gasping upon the earth, turned in dire consternation and fled.

"Where's Higsby?" inquired one of the pioneers, after the enemy had retired.

"I saw him fall a moment since," replied a comrade. Upon looking for the person whom the pioneer had called Higsby, he was discovered near the camp upon the ground, bolstered up upon his elbow.

"What's the matter?" asked the man who had first inquired for him—a stout, good-natured fellow whose name was Nolan.

Higsby raised his eyes languidly and said that he was wounded.

"Where," continued Nolan.

"A ball, I believe, has penetrated my lungs," he answered, with a groan.

"Of course it must be a ball, for he was not in the fight," said Neverfail, with a peculiar smile. Nolan tore open Higsby's vest, but instead of finding that small and terrible puncture which indicates the passage of a bullet, he discovered a scarcely perceptible scratch across the breast, produced by a spent ball.

"All right," quoth Nolan. "You can get up and go about your business."

Higsby arose, rebuked and mortified, instinctively feeling that his courage was doubted and his manliness held in contempt. As he shrunk away into the obscurity, he noticed that he was observed by Judith Waldron.

The night passed without further disturbance. On the following morning the pioneers resumed their way.

### CHAPTER VIII.

MISS FOOTE ENLIGHTENS LOCKWOOD.

Knowing the perils by which they were surrounded, the pioneers continued their pilgrimage toward the new Eden with all the cautiousness that the experience of Neverfail could suggest. Every spot where an enemy could lie in ambush was usually examined before the party was permitted to approach it. For the three following days they proceeded without the occurrence of incident worthy of record. Theodore devoted every moment to the society of Judith that he could spare from the necessary duties of the slow and difficult march; for although not legitimately attached to the expedition, he felt it incumbent upon him to be as useful as possible, especially as his efforts subserved to the safety of Judith.

His attentions to her, though delicate and unobtrusive, were unremitting and generally well-timed—and suit paid to ladies, of high and low degree, should always be well timed to be successful; a fact worthy of being remembered by the beaux. To offer her his hand in mounting and dismounting; to adjust the bridle rein; to direct her course where the way was rough; to be at her side when passing suspicious thickets whence a concealed foe might direct a fatal ball, were matters which he scrupulously attended to, when he could without the appearance of officiousness.

These civilities Judith received as a lady should; with a grace and courtesy that enhanced her beauty and well became her. In this friendly intercourse the borderer sedulously avoided subjects that he had reason to suppose would confuse and embarrass her; and she was sensible of this kindness, deporting herself with more freedom, and to greater advantage than previously. She inquired with apparent interest concerning his wounded arm, and expressed repeatedly her regret that she was the cause of such a misfortune—a construction of the affair that Theodore, with well-bred courtesy, would by no means allow as strictly true. Notwithstanding the agreeable footing on which he found himself placed, there were times when Judith was reserved, and even stately and cold. At such seasons the borderer said but little, and presently feigned some excuse for joining Neverfail or others of the party. On his return she would smile, and seem disposed to atone for any want of sociability which she might have displayed.

Martin Higsby, the person noticed in the concluding part of the last chapter, was the cause of not a little uneasiness on the part of Lockwood; it soon being obvious to him that he was ambitious to press his attentions in the same direction, and with far less regard to appearances. He seldom rode forward to reconnoitre without finding Higsby at her bridle rein upon his return. He did not at first dispute this place with him by an attempt to outshine him in conversation, or to appear to better advantage in a personal point of view. If Judith had a tender preference for such an individual, certainly she had not that great good sense and perspicacity for which he had given her credit. It was an urgent tax upon his good nature to see Higsby, who in his heart he believed to be a coward, staring at the fair girl and trying, to the extent of his abilities, to engage her in conversation. This annoyance increased from day to day until the borderer began to lose patience, and to fall from the philosophy which had thus far sustained him.

Judith must have noticed his lowering countenance and divined its cause; for her manner was less natural and she evidently acted under a feeling of restraint that frequently manifested itself in blushes and embarrassment.

Determined to know something of Higsby's history, the borderer cast about for a suitable person from whom to derive this information, and finally settled upon Philena Foote as the one. He easily managed to fall into her company and to lag in the rear enough to subserve the purpose of privacy, when he put the important query concerning Higsby.

"I suppose you are aware Mr. Clockwood—"

"Lockwood," the questioner gently suggested.

"I suppose you know, Mr. Glockwood," continued Philena, making her wiry person straight and firm in the saddle, "that I am, as a young woman, disposed to serious reflections, and opposed to everything like persiflage and proclamations. I never was vain—nobody can say that Philena Foote has vanities; though vanities, I'm grieved to say, is common to my sex. Ahem!"

"Yes and truly," deposed Obed, who had taken considerable trouble to join the parties the moment he perceived they were desirous of being alone.

Had Lockwood followed his first impulse, he would have sent the disciple of the good Lodovic Muggleton about his business at once; but he had sufficient tact to conceal his vexation and assume an affable bearing, knowing that such a deportment would be agreeable to Philena and tend to advance his object.

"You remarked that Mr. Higsby—" said Lockwood, by way of a timely hint not to forget the subject in hand.

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Foxwood, I have said nothing, yet, about Martin Higsby, pro or con. I spoke feelin'ly and touchin'ly concernin' the vanities of the fair sex, which is in—in some respects a mournful spettakel."

"Ah-ah!"

Dividing this exclamation into two equal parts, Obed measured the time with the upward motions of his lank body as he raised himself twice upon his toes in the stirrups.

"S-h-o-t-b-a-g-s!" quoth Billy, who had also been attracted as a fourth party.

"After making that appropriate remark, you were going to observe—" persevered Lockwood.

"That is also to the sex. It would give me a powerful turn if I thought it wasn't; bein' as I am the sworn enemy of persiflage and—"

"Proclamations," added the borderer, considerately.

"No," rejoined Philena, with a tithe of severity. "I was in the act of outsteppin' the bounds of my sex's privileges and makin' use of an inelegant expression, but one which has a powerful sight of meanin' in it, which is *gumboge*—a word, I believe, havin' Latin roots and Greek origins, connected in some way with the somitive and abiative, which Mr. Slingsby will appreciate."

Here was erudition! Here Mr. Slingsby was favored with a touch of the learning of his fair admirer.

"P-o-w-d-e-r-h-o-r-n-s!" drawled Billy.

"I think you are quite right," said Lockwood.

"Them is my intentions. There is no other intentions in my breast. My intentions, I trust, is lucid; as they have been in the past. But to come to the subject from which we have obviated —borrowin' the poet's words—to adorn a moral and to pint a tale—we will answer the question about Martin Higsby, which, I think, is what you proposed. Dear me! It's strange nobody's taken it upon 'em to tell you, Mr. Glowwood! He came from the same town."

"The same town?" queried Theodore, not much enlightened.

"That Judith came from, and that *I* came from."

"He has paid attentions which you could not encourage?" presumed Lockwood.

"From *him*. I could receive no attentions—whether honorable or otherwise," returned Philena, solemnly. "Because," she added, with a sigh, "my feelin's has been drawed out in another direction—which I hope is not surpassin' the limits of my sex. Drawed out in the parst, to some length, which never was to prove to my happiness, but to languish in secret and die unknown in the bosom's core. Well! I declare if I aint too open and trustin' in my feelin's, which is the bane of my life. *He* knows too much to persecute *me* with unagreeable attentions. He knew I was an enemy to persiflage, and so he restrained his proclamations. But there is them that hasn't discretion. There is them, my dear Mr. Blockwood, that has personal vanities, which gives me at times a powerful turn. There is them—I say it with feelin's of compunction for the limits of my sex—that like to keep one of the stronger party hangin' around and tied to their apron strings; for which disposition I can't be too grateful I haven't got."

"S-h-o-t-b-a-g-s!" suggested Billy.

"Shall I understand you to say that Miss Waldron encourages the pretensions of Martin Higsby?" Theodore demanded.

"Don't understand me to say anything persiflaginous, if you please, knowin' as you do my sensitiveness regardin' things generally. I accuse nobody. I only affirm that I can put a stop to male attentions when they are unagreeable. That's what I say. There's no need of being dogged from pillar to post when it's offensive. I never was afflicted in that way. And why? because I stand on my dignity, and give no libercies and encouragements which males is quick to seize upon."

"You think Miss Waldron is not sufficiently decided in the expression of her sentiments?"

"It's no great matter what I think, as long as I act prudently and keep my skirts above suspicion. I flatter myself that I know where the limits of my sex are to be found. Some girls, you are aware, is young, and youth is the season for inexperience and flirtations. You can't expect much of girls; but make up your mind that their conduct will be persiflaginous, in much or a little, here or there, first and last, sooner or later. Judith is my friend and equal and associate, to whom I am transfixed by friendship's bonds, which is silken. But I stand on my privileges; I knows where to look for flaws, and I've got the magnanimity to say, 'There they are,' though it's the nearest and dearest and one between whom there are ties. If I reject a young man, he's rejected and don't follow me into the Eden of Kentucky agin my will. But if a male person *does* pursue my devious footsteps into the wilds of the howlin' wilderness where there is savages, it's because I throw out private allurements and sweet blandishments to that individual, which is resistless baits that tempts him on. This is what I say, and say without hinging upon nobody. Martin Higsby has asked her; but she wasn't hard enough on him, as you can see with your own eyes. If she said 'No,' can't the expression say something that isn't quite 'No?' And so hopes is fed, which is a sin which isn't mine, and which I have no doubt Lodovic Muggleton would come down on with great power. Martin never was famous for courage, and he'd never been seen this side of the Carolina border if there hadn't been a loadstone that drawed him on; though it's best to be charitable, especially to them to whom we're bound by the silken ties of congenality and friendship."

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins," said Lockwood, with a scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulders.

"I think you have misquoted it, friend, though I cannot at this moment recall the proper rendering. I take this opportunity to remark that it is not meet that the world's people should tamper with the writings of Lodovic Muggleton," observed Slingsby, reprovingly,

"In my profound ignorance I supposed that I was quoting from the Jewish Testament," rejoined Theodore, gravely.

"It is possible that there may be something of like meaning in the book to which you refer, but sure am I that it was first used by Lodovic Muggleton in some of his very searching discourses. I would caution you in future, sir, to confine yourself wholly to those matters with which you are acquainted, and leave theological things to those who have meditated much thereon, and are competent to instruct, exhort and rebuke a crooked and adverse generation," answered Obed, with a marked nasal resonance.

"I perceive there is danger in affecting things too high for us; for I assuredly should have substituted the word 'perverse' for the one you have now employed," replied the borderer, in a slightly ironical voice.

"I make it a point, friend Lockwood, to avoid disputations and arguments as much as I do the red heathen; for in most cases, to reason with the people of Babylon is to cast pearls before swine, which cannot discriminate between them and a common pebble stone in the gutter! Think not, therefore, because I do not refute your crude and outlandish notions that I cannot, for that would be imagining a vain thing. You sit in great darkness; and like the masses of Adam's descendants, are unto me as a Phillistine and whelp of Beelzebub, the roarin' lion which goeth about seeking whom he may scare somebody. Verily, I feel within me much potency to rebuke your forwardness and stiff neckedness, which cometh of Lucifer the son of the morning, who now hath his abode in the sons and daughters of men. Ah-ah!"

"Ah-ah!" echoed Philena, imitating the bodily movements of Slingsby so far as her mode of sitting a horse would permit.

"S-h-o-t-b-a-g-s!" articulated the Halfwitted.

"It's a mercy," affirmed Philena, with warmth, "that there is one among us that is the salts of the earth."

So overcome was Miss Foote with the balmy idea that "one of the salts" was "among us," that Theodore was under some apprehension lest she should fall out of her saddle in a state of overwhelming gratitude.

"It isn't often that I meet with the salts; but when I do I know it and set a value on it which is surprisin'. If some giddy things," added Philena, looking towards Judith with eyebrows slightly contracted, "that I know of was more acquainted with the salts, they wouldn't be as they are, but more wiser and steadier and sedater and less persiflaginous. It gives me a powerful turn to see their betters slighted, and to see some folks turn up their noses. I can't be too grateful that I know the limits of my sex and can keep from bein' swarmed after and persecuted by male attentions."

It required but a moderate share of perspicacity to assure the borderer that Miss Foote was piqued and jealous because Judith was an object so much sought after and admired, while she was allowed to remain obscurely in the background of the picture.

"A pair well mated," thought Theodore, as he contemplated for a moment the countenances of Miss Foote and Obed Slingsby.

Not caring to prolong the conversation, he hurried forward to join Judith, pondering upon what he had heard.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### MARTIN HIGSBY—THE BRITISH SPY.

MARTIN HIGSBY was at Miss Waldron's bridle rein when Lockwood came up with her, and greeted him with a look in which there was not a trace of welcome and but a trifle of good nature. Although Martin cherished a passion which he ought to have regarded hopeless, the attentions of the borderer to the object of his worship filled him with jealousy of the most malignant kind. He burned for an opportunity to humiliate Theodore and displace him in the friendly estimation of Judith. This longing grew stronger every hour until it became the absorbing thought of his life. He feared that this intrepid stranger had already awakened too much interest in the breast of Miss Waldron. The supposition made him miserable and put him out of temper. He considered that he had strong claims to Judith; priority of claim, certainly. If a hunter starts a deer in the forest and follows it day after day over many weary miles of wilderness, what right has another to step in before him, shoot down the panting game and bear it off? No conceivable right, according to any and every code of common honor such as is expected among mankind. Was he not that hunter? Had he not started the fairest game man ever pursued? Was not this Lockwood the unprincipled interloper who had started out of the forest to capture his deer as it ran by worried by long pursuit? The affirmative was plain enough—to him. He was being wronged and he would repay that wrong two fold. He would wake all the cunning of his nature and level it like the gun of a concealed marksman at Theodore Lockwood. It grieved him sorely to remember that it had, singularly enough, fallen to the lot of this meddler to rescue Judith from the hand of Eagleplume. He regarded that as particularly unfortunate; it gave him a claim upon the girl's kindness, and such claims are always dangerous to a rival. His conduct on that occasion, too, would serve to close Judith's ears to his insinuations—should he make any—to the discredit of Mr. Lockwood.

During the short time the latter had been with the pioneers, it seemed to Higsby that he had made rapid progress in cultivating the good opinion of the maiden. Indeed, he observed that two or three other young ladies of the expedition were very friendly towards him; so much so that it cost him small trouble to win their smiles and admiring glances.

While the borderer was making Higsby the subject of conversation with Philena, Higsby, in turn, made him the object of remark with Judith. He began by saying that he thought it rather singular that a stranger should join them under such circumstances and evince so much interest in their movements.

"A fortunate event for us, I think," Judith replied.

"Perhaps!" rejoined Martin, with a mysterious motion of the head that made the simple word signify much.

"The matter, it appears, is not quite so clear to your apprehension," said Judith, quietly.

"A thing is true or it isn't," quoth Martin, gravely. "If a man is what he seems to be, he *is*; but if he isn't he isn't. Now that's what I call logic. I suppose you understand something of logic?"

"Not much," returned Judith, with a smile.

"If a man is honest, he *is*; and if he isn't he isn't. That's more logic."

"You are a subtle reasoner, Mr. Higsby."

"I go altogether by logic, because logic is logic and nothing else. It wont fail, logic wont."

"If you will be plainer, possibly I shall understand you better."

"You will or you wont. Judging by the past, I'm afraid you wont. More than once I've tried to make you understand me, but you couldn't. I've tried to explain to you the state of my feelings, but never succeeded. If you knew, Miss Waldron—"

Martin received a glance from Judith that made him hesitate and leave the final period unfinished.

"Come, sir, what have you to say of Mr. Lockwood?"

"But little at this time—only that the British have spies and secret agents in every part of the country."

"O, and Mr. Lockwood may be one of them—a spy or a secret agent! I must confess that this is a new aspect of the case. If an agent of the British, he is of course an enemy to the peaceful settlement of Kentucky by the people of the colonies."

"He is or he isn't. This is a proposition which you can't dispute. I don't want to injure anybody's reputation; I wouldn't if I could; but if this fellow isn't a British Canadian, I never saw one."

Martin Higsby stole a look at Judith to see how this startling announcement was received, but to his chagrin beheld her quite unmoved.

"This is a serious charge, Mr. Higsby. I hope you will make no assertions which you cannot substantiate. That Mr. Lockwood is among us in the odious character of a spy, I cannot believe."

"Logic is logic, argument is argument, and proof is proof. I wish you to be silent, Miss Waldron, until I have collected the needful evidence to show his guilt, which I shall soon be able to do. As I intended to remark, he is guilty or he isn't. If he *is*, he *is*, and if he isn't, he isn't."

"No doubt!"

"We either know his history or we don't. Which is it? We don't. Can we tell where he was born? We can't. Can we tell where he used to live? We can't. Do we know what his character has been? We don't. According to logic we do or we don't. You see we *don't*."

Martin every moment grew more serious and his manner more mysterious. As he became engrossed in the theme and less guarded, a part of the malignity which he felt within began to manifest itself upon his face. Judith watched him.

"It is logical to say that every person came from some place or another. A person is either afraid to tell where he comes from or he isn't. If he isn't afraid he'll tell, and if he *is* he wont."

"If he is an enemy he's a very generous one, for he fights for us like a lion. I think you had an opportunity to observe his bearing a few nights ago; the same on which you were shot in the lungs," Judith answered, with a palpable meaning. Martin grew red and then pale; shame and resentment were struggling in his bosom. This allusion to his being wounded he regarded as a deliberate slur upon his courage; and it stung him deeply. He queried whether his love for Judith would not soon turn to hatred. He was inclined to believe that it would. Never were the darker elements of his character so stirred within him. At that moment he thought he could shoot the borderer without remorse. She might taunt him if she would. He would mature some fearful plan of retaliation which would cause her to relent when too late. She had better have a care!

The maiden surprised an expression on his countenance which revealed him to her in a new light. For the first time she felt afraid of Martin Higsby, whom she had been disposed to regard as a simple-minded and harmless sort of person, in the main.

"I know what I know!" he exclaimed, when he had swallowed a portion of his anger, and assumed as much calmness as he could command. "You can credit me or not. You will or you wont."

"But what shall I credit?" Judith wished to know, with some asperity of tone. "You have affirmed nothing with any degree of positiveness. You have thrown out hints and innuendoes, but brought no proofs, whatever, to sustain your insinuations, which I must say are vile and hardly becoming in one who is every day journeying under the safeguard of his watchful eyes and strong arms," she added, with earnestness.

"I know what I know!" again cried Higsby, striking the pommel of his saddle violently and contracting his brows fiercely. "I know what I know!"

"If it is aught of importance, go with it to Neverfail or my father. Why come to a weak-headed girl with your accusations? In what particular does this concern me? What special interest have I in Mr. Lockwood, that I should be made the recipient of your singular logic. If you imagine that I will listen calmly and with satisfaction to slander and detraction, you deceive yourself. Go, sir! I am tired of your company."

"Certainly! I must go to make room for this fellow without a history. O it is mighty well to give up old friends for new! It is mighty well to give one's self airs and queen it over one's equals! But we will see! The road is long that has no turn. The well is deep that has no bottom. I say, we shall see!"

"Now you threaten. Well, anything to vary the monotony. Threatening is better than drivelling and whimpering. I have never before spoken to you with unkindness or severity. I have spared you because I wish not to inflict pain on a single human being. I have told you—it was my duty—that what you desire can never be. Yet you persist. You follow me. You repeat the old story day after day, as if repetition would beget the love you sigh for. Now let us part in peace. Do not seek my society. Avoid me; shun me; slight me; nay, hate me, rather than persecute me thus. There! now be a man and not a child."

"Are you sure that you know Martin Higsby?" he asked, riding close to the girl and showing a face pale with emotion.

"Not with *that* face! not with that face, I am certain! Don't look at me again, I pray. There is something malevolent in you, surely. Go away—go away! We can't be friends."

"You have said it, Miss Judith! It's your own verdict. Don't complain of it in time to come. Don't, I beg of you!" aspirated Martin, darting a menacing look at Judith.

"You intend to be dangerous. You had better reflect. Do not be hasty. I speak for your good. I am not your enemy—far from it. Do not make me hold you in greater—"

"Say it—say it!"

"Contempt. The word would out. You have provoked the truth from me at last. Take it and think of me no more."

"More airs—more airs!"

"This is insult; but I will not heed it. Angry with you I cannot be. That is impossible."

"The distance between us is so great! Will you permit me to dismount and kiss the hem of your garments, Queen Judith?" returned Martin, mockingly.

"I would permit no more and prefer much less."

"It is vastly well. You are a goddess and I am a clown. I must speak to you under my breath, hat in hand, with downcast eyes. But your British Canadian is waiting to pay respectful court to the Empress of Beauty! Let me tell you you have lost a friend. And that is not all."

"I have made an enemy—of Martin Higsby, doubtless."

"There is no longer any such person as the Martin Higsby you used to see at your feet. You may consider him as dead. That is the kind of logic you may use now. You may consider him as dead and buried. Martin Higsby, that was wont to abase himself at your feet, is dead and buried."

"It rejoices me to hear it. Peace to his ashes!"

"May your joy be of long continuance!" hissed Martin. "I know what I know! and I say, we shall see."

He struck his spurs into his horse and dashed to the head of the cavalcade in a great heat and excitement, and soon the borderer was riding quietly at Judith's side.

It did not escape his watchful eyes that Higsby was excited and had ridden on apparently in a passion; but he had too much delicacy to allude to the circumstance. He made commonplace remarks respecting the scenery, with the friendly intention of putting her at her ease, in which he was measurably successful. He soon engaged her in conversation, and though not one addicted to much talking, her words were so well chosen, her voice so pleasing, and her good sense so conspicuous in every utterance, that Lockwood thought it impossible to tire of hearing her. Never, he believed, were beauty and worth so well wedded before. He anticipated with regret the time when they should reach the settlements on the Kentucky River, where he should be obliged to part company with his fair companion and proceed on his dangerous mission. An interesting query arose in his mind: If he intended to make a declaration to Judith, would ever a better time present than the present moment? But there were many things to discourage this purpose. His acquaintance with her was short. A few days only had elapsed since he first beheld her. He was ignorant of the state of her feelings. He had not the vanity to think that he had made a particularly favorable impression upon her heart and imagination. He was quite persuaded that a declaration would be premature and tend to thwart his views, yet feared delay would prove equally dangerous. While he was waiting, hesitating and trembling, a bolder man would bear off the prize.

While thus pondering the delicate subject, considerable clattering and shouting in the rear called his attention in that direction. They had entered upon one of those extensive levels peculiar to the country, covered with low bushes and vines, with here and there a tree. Upon casting his eyes backwards over this level, he saw a man on horseback riding with headlong speed upon their trail. He was bent forward in his saddle, brandishing a rifle in his right hand, and now and then sending up an air-piercing whoop or yell, the definite intent of which Theodore was at a loss to conceive. He was about to make some inquiries of Neverfail concerning this unexpected presentment when he heard Nolan exclaim:

"It is Long Bill!"

"Yes," said another with a preliminary oath, "it is Long Bill Piper, sure enough!"

"I aint parfict," remarked Neverfail, "I never *was* parfict, nor don't expect to be any time durin' the summer; but I must say I never expected to see that varmint ag'in in the nateral body. I'd gi'n him up and buried him legs and all. Rifles and redskins!"

The individual spoken of seemed to be mostly legs. What wasn't legs wasn't worth mentioning. To be sure there was some head and trunk, with a neck interposed of the same pattern of his legs; but the latter was so exaggerated that one was disposed to believe that they were principal objects of attention. Indeed, in addressing him, one would naturally labor under the delusion that the nethers were the proper objects to which to direct queries and from which to expect rejoinders. If his legs assented to the proposition, it was a unanimous vote of the corporate members of Bill Piper's body; for he could not possibly resist his legs.

"He's got no influence over 'em," said Nolan, deprecatingly. "The muscles has got the advantage over the mind and mean to keep it. He's a subdued creatur—Long Bill is. The body and head is slaves to them awful walkers. They've took him prisoner and he's knocked under to his destiny."

"How happens he to be here?" returned Lockwood.

"He left us at Powell's Valley to go back to Clinch River. He didn't want to go, but them ar' tyrants said he must. We reasoned with him, but twasn't no use; the majority (which is his legs) was agin him and us. So they went back to make some kind of an arrangement with his gal about being married at a sartin time. We give him up for lost; but it seems that he's got back ag'in. There's nothin' vicious in him; but it wont do to believe all his stories; for he isn't allers particerler to tell the truth."

By the time Nolan had finished this brief history, Long Bill joined them. He was somewhat heated, and his horse showed signs of hard riding. He was greeted by cheers, speedily followed by any number of questions.

"One at once—one at once! Let me catch my breath a little, for I've had a hard run for life!" returned Piper, wiping the moisture from his forehead.

"Have you been pursued?" asked Waldron.

"Well, I have, gov'nor, if ever a critter was. I put spurs to Streak—my hoss, you know—and went so fast that the trees seemed runnin' 'tother way in categorical confusion, notwithstandin' which I expected every minute that I should have to take to my legs and abandon the quadruped to his fate," replied Long Bill, earnestly.

"How many Injins should you think was after ye?" asked Nolan.

The proprietor of the legs paused and became thoughtful.

"If there's anything I'm partic'lar about it's numbers," he said, rubbing his forehead to excite his memory. "Numbers, you know, is mathematics and mathematics is numbers. I should say there was about three thousan', accordin' to the multiplication table."

Long Bill looked demurely at Obed Slingsby after making this avowal.

"Verily, the red Philistines be upon us!" asseverated that valiant one. "We shall be cut off from among the living, and neither root nor branch will be left. Fear and trembling taketh hold of my flesh, and my bones knock together. Who will deliver me from the hand of mine enemies? Ah-ah!"

"I trust," said Philena, meekly, "that I know where to find the limits of my sex; but I *will* say that we're as good as scalped and burned at the pint of the bagonet! If I hadn't listened to the proclamations of others that is younger, I shouldn't have been so near a violent death!"

"As I said," added Long Bill, gravely, "I like to be c'rect about numbers, because numbers is figgers and figgers is refinetic, which can't lie. To the best of my conscience I repeat, there was about three thousan'; though there might have been three thousan' and one."

"You wouldn't say three thousan' and two, would ye?" queried Nolan.

"Couldn't, no ways, because I want to stick to the main facks. If you are after anything but facks, you've come to the wrong person, and the quicker you find it out the better. I wont stand no foolin'; and if anybody disputes my words I'll fight him! Why, they fired lead enough after me to sink a ship, and about two cords of arrers."

"Put it three cords," suggested Nolan.

"Yes, that's what you'd do; but I despise a liar. I was taught to despise a liar when my legs was no bigger than drumsticks. But as I was saying, they come after me in chaotic confusion, whoopin' and howlin' like a legion of wolves. Twice I was surrounded and thrice I fought with 'em hand to hand. Some would have got off and left Streak to be hacked to pieces by the savages, but I kept him with me, easin' up over the knolls and rough travellin'."

"What do you mean by easing up?" Lockwood asked.

"Why, jest clappin' my feet to the ground and lettin' the critter run along atween my legs; that's easin' up. If I hadn't done it 'casionally, Streak would broke down the first ten miles."

"Were you then pursued so far," continued the borderer.

"At the least calculation I was followed forty mile; and possibly forty-one and an eighth, with an odd rod or two thrown in; but you see I can't be positive on account of sticking to facks, which is my ruling principle—likely to be strong in death—never to be lost sight on in the heat of the moment, after the manner of some is. What's a man good for if he hasn't principles? Nothin'. If he's got principles, how'll he show 'em? He'll show 'em in the smallest things as well as in matters of magnitude. Them is the rudiments of character. If you haven't them rudiments you haven't anything. That's where I am. I'm willing anybody should see where I am. Give me some water, will ye, some of ye? The fack is, I haven't drunk any kind of fluid for three days, to a second. Put a little rum in it, if you got any. In the present holler state of my stomich, clear water would kill me. I've had narrer escapes. There hasn't been an hour since I left ye that I could say I was safe. It seemed as though the whole Ingin kentry had riz agin me. It was seldom that I could look in any direction without seeing a redskin. I couldn't tell ye how many of 'em I've made way with. I counted till I got to fifty and left off; though it has spared the missionaries a good deal of hard work. Streak behaved well. You'd ought to seen him bite and kick and strike when I's surrounded by about a thousan' of 'em. Got instincts, that hoss has—full of 'em, Streak is. Never seed the Ingins so thick, never! One time they was so wedged in th... I galloped right over their heads without slumpin' through; which is a great story to tell, but strictly true. Facks is facks, and much better than theories. You can't tell how sleepy I am! For twelve nights I've slept with one eye open, stannin' agin a tree with my rifle cocked and presented. I couldn't do no other way."

"I trust, Mr. Piper," said Philena, "that you are an enemy to persiflage, especially in such a strait as this when sculpin' knives is afore us and ahind us, and the bloody fagot is lighted. It wont be long afore all is parst, and our ashes be blowed in every direction. Mournful spettakel!"

"I hope, Philena, you'll be careful about hurtin' the feelin's of a sufferin' brother," returned Piper, in the tone of one who feels somewhat injured. "I know I'm high posted; I know that I'm well set up from the ground; I know that the rest of my buddy is in the minority; but still I'm a feller critter and has my feelin's, which is tender and easily outraged. Suspicion kills me—it blights me as the frost does the young vegetable. If you want to hurt me and put me down, doubt me, and you'll do it. As you say, we are in a terrible strait. To my best judgment there are at this minute somethin' like three thousan' Sapheads on the trail."

"What are the Sapheads?" inquired Philena.

"The bloodiest of all Ingins. The majority of 'em is cannibals of the worst description. The common sauvages," quoth Long Bill, gesticulating with much grace, "is real gentlemen compared to the sanguineous Sapheads, which is very numerous and ferocious in their habits. They don't wear no clothin' summer nor winter and are painted higeously from the crown of their head to the sole of their feet with stripes of red and black."

"Mournful spettakel!" exclaimed Miss Foote.

"You may say it! I've seen 'em at their orgies and I know the facks. Afore the war broke out, when I was out huntin,' once, one of 'em invited me home to dinner. I wouldn't tell, Miss Foote, what I see! I wouldn't shock your feelin's! We had somethin' roasted, and it was brung on the table whole. As you observed, it recognized that ar' dish—I'd seen it to church, though in different dressin's. An old maid was missed in different dressin's that period. There was a great deal of huntin' for her, but she never turned up."

"You've give me a powerful turn, Mr. Piper! I feel as if I should *drop*. Dear Mr. Slingsby, it will soon be parst! Our ashes will soon be on the gales of heaven, blowed about in different directions."

"P-o-w-d-e-r-h-o-r-n-s!" deposed Billy White.

"I am become as a dead man, and one in whom there is no life. Yes and truly!" affirmed Obed, in much perturbation.

"Yes and truly!" echoed Philena.

"Yes and truly!" repeated Long Bill, in a tone and manner so closely copied from Slingsby that a general laugh was the result, which shocked Obed not a little.

"Verily, this people are given to lightness, even in the midst of affliction. Well hath it been said by the great Lodovic that Lucifer, sometimes called Satan, and the Dragon, dwelleth in the hearts of men. Sister Philena, our lives are cast in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. Ah-ah!"

"Jes' so!" said Piper. "Such was my feelin's when I was cast away among the Lapland Ingins—which was some months ago—and fixed on a skewar for cookin'. My feelin's was mulancholly, but it was a comfort to me to reflect that I'd allers stuck to facts—according to the multiplication table. If I'd been given to persiflage and proclamations, there'd been nothin' to support me."

"Except the skewer," suggested Nolan.

"Jes' so! though I don't thank nobody for c'rectin' me when I'm stickin' to facks."

"Did you escape?" Philena desired to know.

"I suddenly became unconscious, and when I woke I was settin' on the fence in a slug'lar frame of mind, not far from home. I never knowed how I come there. It's a mystery to this day."

"An interposition, perhaps?" suggested Miss Foote."

"Yes, I allers thought there was some kind of imposition about it—all the facks bein' considered," was the reply.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## TO CHARLIE C——.

BY FANNY.

I'm thine, dear one, though other hearts may claim
My wandering thoughts, this heart will turn to thee;
At break of dawn or evening's quiet time,
Its sacred beating alone shall be.

When pleasures twine bright visions round my way,
And joy illumes my soul's most secret shrine:
When mirth's rich voice may round my footsteps play,
Still I am thine, beloved, only thine.

Or when affliction's heavy wing o'ershades
The light that dwells within that heart of thine;
When from the rosy cheek the young light fades,
I'll own thee still, and whisper, thou art mine.

Then, when thou wanderest in a far-off land,
Let me but know thy thought doth turn to me;
That the communings of thy heart will blend
At morn, at evening, with my soul's to thee.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE BITER BIT.

BY FRANCIS W. HUTMANN.

It is something over four years now since Bitemsly sent me on my tom-fool's errand. I said then, that next year my pretty cousin was coming from *Maryland*, and after a dreary winter, in April come she did. I don't know if I've mentioned that I live, when at home, with an aunt of mine, five or six miles out of the city, in a delightful old country house, full of must and spiders. The house is mine, but the servants and our tempers belong to my aunt, who, by the way, "exercises" them well. A pond is situated at the foot of the garden, and many is the time Bitemsly and I have angled with wonderful success in its waters, I hinting of better fishing by-and-by. I say *Bitemsly and I*, because it is not to be supposed that I quarrelled with that gentleman; on the contrary, better friends than ever, he almost made my house his home, the remainder of that summer and fall, till Aunt Jane was quite put to her trumps; and as my business only demanded a few hours' attention daily, and Bitemsly invariably closed his office early, we became almost inseparable. I really couldn't say it was intentionally that, thrusting on my smoking-cap, or poking my feet into my slippers, I always deferentially addressed my invisible cousin Mary, whose handiwork they were, in a manner that at first surprised Bitemsly, but into which he gradually fell himself whenever he leaned his head back in his arm-chair, whose sumptuous velvet covering had itself been wrought by Mary's fairy finger-tips.

"My dear, be careful of that lampshade," my aunt would say, if she saw either of the bachelor legs tending as if they would very much like to make a resting-place on the table. "I should feel so sad to tell Mary her pretty drawing was soiled." In shors, my cousin Mary became one of my Penates, and when I told Bitemsly that she was coming in the flesh in April, and perhaps he would see her, I noticed him pull up his shirt collar and glance at the looking-glass with his most irresistible air. Now I'm not a baby myself—my last birthday was my thirty-fifth,—but as to being *overcoming* to my pretty cousin, I should as soon have thought of prinking for the Princess Royal; and as for Bitemsly, he is at least a half dozen years ahead of me. Nevertheless, when May Day should come, Mary would enter on her twenty-second year and a handsome property—of which facts Bitemsly was quite aware—and she preferred celebrating that day in company with her own aunt and her own aunt's nephew than away among strangers; for I have not stated that she was an orphan. In fact, I am not quite Mary's cousin; she is my aunt's niece and I am my aunt's husband's nephew; that's the relationship.

My buggy is a fine little vehicle, a little *too* little for two persons, as I found late that afternoon, when one of them is a vessel of wine measure pipe, tun, puncheon, hogshead, barrel, or anything else that is hooped, and the other has to sit somewhere in the region of the hub of the wheel; but one can forgive a beauty for following the fashion, and hoops have been in, gone out, and come again since then. Thus with Tim lumbering after, with the baggage in a wagon, I drove my pretty cousin towards home. Just as we rattled off our last pavement, I saw Bitemsly. "How are you, old fellow?" said I, looking triumphantly. "Coming out, to-night?" Bitemsly's hat went up perpendicularly about half a yard, and came down diagonally a yard and a half before it alighted on the excruciatingly bowed head. "What exquisitely high bred gentleman is that?" Mary ought to have asked in order to meet Bitemsly's expectation; but, on the contrary, merely remarking, "Bless my heart! what a guy!" she rattled on in her own delightful way about everything in general.

All her vacations, from her twelfth to her twentieth year, had been spent with Aunt Jane and me, and a year's distribution of herself among her intimate acquaintances having passed, she had decided to spend the residue of her days, till death or a husband should remove her, with us, her only relatives.

"O, but my sands are running out, Joe," said she. "I suffer a depression—an empty, deadening feeling. I am pining slowly; my digestion is dreadful; I shall certainly either die or go crazy"—I looked in amazement at the plump, rosy girl, who sank back in the carriage,—"if you don't put this nag to his paces," she continued; "for I haven't tasted a morsel since six this morning!"

Under such a dreadful penalty we cleared the ground at railroad speed.

"Good gracious!" said Aunt Jane, as Mary, running up the steps, entered the dark hall with extended arms and a mouth puckered up for kissing, preparatory to an onslaught on my aunt. "Good gracious! how do you think I can ever get at you, my dear? I might as well try to kiss a man looking out of the top of a balloon! Why in the world you've got so much in the way of skirt and so little in the way of bonnet, I can't see. I can't kiss you—it's of no use trying!"

"O, it can be done, ma'am," said Mary; and twisting off the butterfly she wore on her "back hair," she rushed at Aunt Jane and demonstrated *how*, while smothering the affectionate little woman in kisses. "There, sir," she said, turning to me, "I dare say you'd like me to perform the same operation on your blushing cheeks, but I sha'n't!" And now going round and shaking hands with Mrs. Archer, the cook, Isabel, said lady's grandchild, a damsel of fifteen, Joshuay and Isaiyeh, who worked the farm, she made herself generally merry and agreeable. "Now, Mrs. Archer," said Mary, a little 'summat' to eat, do—I'm ravenous! There's that canary piping up over the door; I noticed it when I came in, and if I hadn't been afraid the feathers would stick in my throat, I should have devoured it long ago!" And she plunged after Mrs. Archer into the buttery. "O, here's just the thing," cried Mary, on tiptoe, peering over the shelves. "A chicken pie, as I live! Prepare fingers to play the shovel! Do you suppose I am going to wait for a knife and fork?"

But Mrs. Archer had taken down the pie, and holding it ominously on one side, pointed to a vast extent of its uncovered surface where the pastry had been delicately picked away.

"It never wor the cat," said Mrs. Archer, shaking her head. "Joshuay, have you been to this pie?"

"No," sang Joshuay, through his nose from the kitchen, "I haint, mum."

"Isaiyeh, then, have *you* been to this pie?"

"No, mum," shouted Isaiyeh, with a little variation, "I haint."

"Isabel! Isabel!" screamed Mrs. Archer, "have *you* been to this pie? Yes, you have! I know your long, slim finger. It's you, miss! you go right to-bade—not a mouthful of supper shall you have this night!"

"And meantime," said Mary, who had been murmuring that nature couldn't sustain it any longer, "I'm starving. Here, Mrs. Archer, give me the pie. Joe, give me a fork! Isabel, help yourself to a spoon. There now, little girl, we ll finish it together. You needn't wait, Joe; you wont get any. I'm not quite an anaconda that you need to stare as if I were swallowing a goat whole with the horns!"

I beat a retreat to Joshuay's domains and consulted with him quite a time, concerning the crops, etc. Returning, I stopped at the buttery door; Mary had finished the pie, and was standing up, imbibing a glass of foaming milk, while, as if pretending to pick up a fork, Mrs. Archer stooped down to the floor.

"Sweet, pretty stuff that of your gownd, light and delicate like, feels soft, too," said Mrs. Archer, as she took the hem between her fingers to examine the texture; "real patty, I declare! I spose you gave as much as fourn-six a yard, for that, now," and lifting the hem the least in the world, she obtained a glimpse of the wondrous hoops and dropped it. "Ahem," said Mrs. Archer. "Yes, I thought so. You wear one of them parrot cages, do you? Well—I suppose now we shall have our Isabel cutting up all the clothes lines to rig herself out. The hencoop that's broke and put away in the barn would do every bit as well."

"Don't get into a puncheon when a barrel will hold yer, grandmar!" suggested the daring Isabel.

"I thought I sent you to-bade, miss," was her response. And in a state of virtuous indignation at "them new-fangled fashings," Mrs. Archer sent Isabel away leaving Mary to her milk.

That evening we were all sitting in the garden chairs on the terrace, when Bitemsly cantered up, and giving his horse to Tim, joined us. After a repetition of the afternoon's bow, he tried to feel at home, but evidently didn't succeed till taking a seat below us, he surveyed my plump cousin's beauty, now considerably enhanced in the splendor lent it by the rising moon. Before midnight, Bitemsly, it was plain to see, had plunged in reveries, and was over head and ears in the flood of the river *Amoris*. Indeed, as he confidentially informed me the next day, he dreamed of drowning all night, and of being interminably hauled out by the ears by my angelic cousin in the form of a pair of pincers.

Thus days and weeks flew by, till June slid in the gates of the year, and pleasure parties, where my aunt and cousin, Bitemsly and myself, were the principal parties, made a perfect *fete champetre* of the summer; during which, it may be believed, Bitemsly was by no means slow in evincing his devotion to Mary, who, skilfully parrying every open attack, prevented any proposals from him, and always treated him as if he were a harlequin who amused her, or an amiable child whom she ought to amuse.

One evening he and myself were strolling along, when a light figure tripping a few rods in advance on the other side of the fence, caught our eyes. It was Mary. Bitemsly darted forward to assist her in crossing the fence, but as I caught her eye with its laughing appeal, I don't know how it was I reached the point first, lifted her across, and took her bundle from her. She was going to Mrs. Sprague's, one of the poor of the parish, and we accompanied her.

"Mrs. Sprague's son," said Mary, gaily, to hide her well-doing under an assumption of nonsense, "has been a convict in the State prison for six years, and was just let out this afternoon. I thought I'd like to see a real, live State prison bird for once, and make it a little pleasant to him to be good, and so forth, you know, by a tart and some sandwiches and tea—you understand!"

Yes, kind-hearted little woman, I understand very well; but Bitemsly, who was always rather tight at a bargain, seemed to think it an unnecessary expense, while Mary, with an "O, no matter," and much the same manner as that with which she would pat a great Newfoundland, took no further notice of his remarks. As we passed Mrs. Sprague's window, natural curiosity turned our heads that way. The table was already laid, and the family were sitting down to tea. As they drew up their chairs, the recent convict pushed his back with a scrape, stood upright, and shutting his eyes with the tightest squeeze, uttered a long and elaborate blessing. Opening the eyes with an effort at the close, he glanced round.

"Well," said he, with considerable exultation, "reckon ye didn't expect that from this quarter! Well, it's true—the place which I come from is the place for moral rectitude and no mistake! If we had short commons, we got moral rectitude, which is as good as bread and fat, and what's better'n that!" After which poetical essay, he proceeded to bestow a liberal allowance of the last named articles upon himself.

Mary, who was already intimate with all the ragamuffins of the village, softly opened the door and beckoned Mrs. Sprague out.

"Here, Mrs. Sprague," said she, "pretend you forgot these, and go to the closet and appear to take them out, so that it will appear pleasant to your son; and when you have finished tea, I'd like to see you again, please. We'll wait here."

The old woman thanked her warmly as she took the dainties, and went in. Meantime, a little Sprague, who couldn't sit at table because there wasn't room, and who entertained fears of the tart, started a mighty bawling that quite nipped all Bitemsly's attempts at conversation; whereupon, after considerable meditation, Bitemsly put his hand in his pocket, and pulling out a cent as if it were a tooth, handed it to the youngster, who, delighted at such, to him, fabulous wealth, suspended operations in a state of ecstatic silence. In about half an hour, Mrs. Sprague returned.

"I've brought some shoes to see if they'll fit you," said Mary, as with her own hands she tried on several pairs till they arrived at some which Mrs. Sprague pronounced "cumf'ble," and Mary rose. As we stepped out, Bitemsly lingered behind—"probably," whispered Mary, "to bestow some greater charity." But alas! low as he spoke, his voice was audible.

"I'm looking for a piece of money, a small coin, madam, that I let your little boy take; has he got it?"

The child put the cent in his mouth and his hands behind him, shaking his head very emphatically.

"Come, sonny—that's a good sonny," said Bitemsly; but sonny was not to be coaxed.

"But I must have it, little boy," continued Bitemsly. "A cent spoils the face of a dollar."

The indignant mother, seizing a shoulder, shook her child violently, determined the cent should leave his mouth one way or the other; and fortunately for him, it rolled from his lips to the floor. Bitemsly picked it up, coolly, and dropped it in his pocket, pleased to hear the welcome jingle, and rejoined us.

Mary and I stared at each other.

"I hope it don't burn your pocket," said she.

"O, no," he returned, "not in the least. A penny saved is a penny gained, you know—and besides, my pockets are lined with leather."

"And your heart with something harder," muttered she, but he didn't hear her, and politely offered his arm.

As we passed the outer door, Mrs. Sprague, holding back her dress that she might admire her new shoes, was displaying them to advantage, while applying their extremities to the sides of a yelping canine.

"Always the way," said Mary. "I never gave her a pair of shoes in my life but she immediately went to work kicking that poor dog. I should think *he'd* hate the smell of leather, too!"

It was a midsummer night, and the bells were ringing nine. We had nearly reached home, when we came where four roads met, and a little brook and bridge intersected them. Here some extraordinary operations appeared to be going on. Miss Isabel Archer, with a napkin spread on the ground, illuminated in the centre by a lantern, and on which were two plates with a piece of bread in each, and a cup of tea, was mumbling a rhyme of mysterious import, while winding a ball of yarn, one end of which was in the brook:

"Whoever is my true love to be
Let him come wind this yarn for me,
Come eat this bread and drink this tea."

"If she hasn't got my purse silk winding there!" whispered Mary. "Mr. Bitemsly, if you'll go pick up the end in the brook, I'll knit you a purse this very evening! And Mr. Bitemsly, you said you wanted this rose. You may have it if you'll stoop down, as you go to the brook, and see what's in the plates—I can't imagine."

Bitemsly sprung up obediently.

"She's trying a project," said Mary, almost dead, as she declared, with laughter, "to see who'll marry her—the little toad! O, isn't it fun?"

As for Bitemsly, stooping down to view the contents of the plates, the lantern light suddenly gleamed on his face, appearing out of the darkness, and gave it a ghostly effect. But poor Isabel! Although she had been hoping for somebody's appearance, this was too much, and with open eyes and open mouth, uplifted hands and hair like "quills upon the fretful porcupine," she stood stone still. Running along, Bitemsly seized the other end of the fabulous purse silk, and as soon as Miss Archer felt the pull upon it, she left all, and with a series of voluminous shrieks, turned about, and scampered home as fast as her long legs could carry her.

"O, wont I shake her!" said Mary; but I never heard that she did.

Bitemsly went into the city, as we thought, the next morning, and I took Mary out in the skiff for a jaunt on the little island in the pond; she to procure some specimens of wild flowers, and I for the pleasure of giving her pleasure. What was our surprise, then, to behold Mr. Bitemsly sitting in a lovelorn attitude on the bank and tearing the little willow stems.

"He looks as if he had better *wear* the willow than tear it," whispered Mary.

But Bitemsly's face grew radiant as he beheld her, and immediately he left his employment. Wandering with them over the island, I at last threw myself on the sward beneath a bowery thicket, while Mary strayed round at no great distance, followed assiduously by Bitemsly. They soon were beyond hearing; but after a time, evidently unconscious that they had returned to the same spot, I heard their voices approaching the place where I, without intending it, was quite hidden.

"Ah, Miss Mary," said Bitemsly, "I must tell you how perfectly charming you are!"

"Well," said Mary, laying a gentian root on one side, "tell away, *how* perfectly charming am I!"

This was rather a damper, but after a while the swain began again:

"I cannot repress my emotions. You must allow me to beg you to listen."

"I'm all attention," said Mary. "Hand me that little trowel first, if you please. There—now!"

"The sight of you," said he, making another vain attempt, "fills me with the warmest admiration."

"I wonder where Joe is!"

"Fills me," reiterated Bitemsly, "with the warmest admiration. I—"

"I'm glad to hear it," interrupted my pretty cousin. "There never was a woman yet who didn't like to be admired, though some are ridiculous enough to be particular who the admirer is."

Bitemsly took this as encouraging.

"You are glad of it!" he ejaculated. "O, Miss Mary, you have made me the happiest of men! I love—"

Here I thought Mr. Bitemsly was going a little too far, and announcing my vicinity by a yawn and a tumultuous fit of coughing, I appeared before Bitemsly could declare whom he loved.

"Fly in your throat, Cousin Joe?" asked Mary, whose face was fast losing the surprise called forth by Bitemsly's remarks.

"Not at all," I replied; "one on your hook, though."

"*I'm* not angling," said Mary.

"No, but angle-worming," I returned, as she untwisted one of those delightful creatures from her fingers.

"I'm sure," retorted Mary, pouting, "I have not hung out any bait!"

"No. You've caught your fish," I laughed; for Bitemsly was tumbling down the bank to unloose the boat.

"Don't let him say anything more, Joe," pleaded Mary. And acting upon this hint, I contrived to allow Bitemsly no corner for a sentence till we reached home, where he found a letter, announcing that a valuable tract of land in Michigan was about to find a sheriff's sale, owing to the fact that his agent had absconded without seeing fit to pay the taxes, and his own presence was needed in that quarter. Thereupon bidding Mary an overwhelming farewell, with a smile of ineffable pity that she must endure the loss of his company, Bitemsly, who had been made—Heaven alone knew how—"the happiest of men," departed.

Now I had never fallen in love with Mary myself, *that I knew of*, and so when I found another man who *had* made himself so foolish, I at first wondered, and then thought, what if Mary had accepted him, how I should like that. It is unnecessary to state the process by which I arrived at the conclusion that I shouldn't like it at all, and that—that—it would be pleasant to have Mary always here; but it never occurred to me to ask her about it. By-and-by—it was dusk now—the subject of my thoughts appeared on the grassy terrace above, and then danced down the garden, and taking my arm, she gently drew the cigar from my fingers and threw it away.

"Well, Mary," said I, "is my pretty cousin to be merged into Mrs. ——"

"Nonsense!" she cried. "But what shall I do? The wretch has gone away thinking I've accepted him, and I never had such an idea!"

"I don't see myself what—unless you undeceive him!"

"And how shall I do that?"

"Well—really—"

"I don't see how," said Mary, "unless—" and dropping my arm, she turned round and confronted me, "unless—I marry you, Joe!"

"Will you, Mary, will you?" uttered I, but my cousin's boldness was all gone in an instant; and as for the rest—find out, reader, if you can.

"Aunt Jane," said I, when I went in, "how should you fancy to keep Mary always here after three weeks from this day?"

"Ah!" said my aunt. "Why, really—you don't—it can't—Mary? I—*marry* her, Joseph?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Marry her in three weeks?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Mary, is he in earnest?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Why, to be sure you don't need anything particular, the way most girls do, in the way of new clothing, a—what do you call it?—trousseau. You've got enough; so you don't want six months to sew yourself to death in. But, heavens and earth! how can things be got ready in three weeks?"

"It will be nice and quiet, auntie," said Mary. "Only the minister and a half dozen friends."

"Well, my dears," said my aunt, who could not be gotten to give her consent outright to what was none of her business, "suit yourselves and you'll suit me. If you've no objections, I'm sure I needn't have any."

As I am not writing "Letters to a young man on the art of courtship," I shall not detail the proceedings of those three weeks. But at last the eventful sunshiny morning dawned. The company, who exceeded the original half dozen by some fifty or so, were in the drawing-room; the minister had arrived, and I was taking a settler in the way of a cigar, when a light foot ran up the staircase, and Bitemsly, in full toilet (in which, by the way, he had always taken pains to present himself to Mary), entered my sanctum.

"How d'ye do?" said he, in a delighted way. "How's Mary? Couldn't see her anywhere when I came in. What in the deuce is all that row in the parlor for?"

"O, some of my good aunt's works," said I. "Come, I guess we'll go down;" for I saw my aunt beckoning me. "Mary'll be along in a minute." And we sauntered down together.

As we opened one of the drawing-room doors, my aunt and Mary entered at the opposite one. Bitemsly started terribly. Mary was all covered up with lace, and her head was converted into an apparent basket of white morning glories, which looked decidedly as if they ought to wilt at this hour of day—but couldn't, being made of white satin. My aunt hovered like a little gray boat on Mary's Niagara esque flow of drapery behind her, although the fashion had considerably collapsed; but if ever any man was brute enough to criticise his bride's appearance, let him be hung, as I was; for meeting Mary half way, I slipped my head into the noose, and was incontinently swung off.

Bitemsly, astonished, aghast, shivering and silently raging, had fallen back, but was now pushed forward by the crowd behind, who rushed up to pour out their stale congratulations. Apparently without knowing what he did, he dived at my hand and brought it up. "I—I—I—" said he; but I finished the sentence for him, by adding—"had better seek health and solitude in the wilds of *Scatuskyskillcat!*"

I noticed, shortly after my marriage, that Isabel had disappeared. She was sent to school, as Mrs. Archer told my aunt; and when, three years after, a wedding card, said to belong to one Bitemsly, was read, there was neatly engraved in one corner thereof, "Miss Isabel Archer."

Mrs. Bitemsly, who looks, as my wife declares, half the time pinched to death, and the other half frightened to death, declares that to the day of her death, she shall believe in projects tried on a midsummer night—I don't know whether she wishes she hadn't tried it or not.

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### THE LATEST DUEL.

A laughable encounter took place a few days since, in which a certain grocer took an active part. His rival was a wealthy young man, and resides in the country, convenient to the home of a young lady involved in the case. Matters being all arranged, they were punctually on the ground, and after saluting each other most cordially, they took their respective positions to await the word. At the bidding, they fired; the city "chap" came off untouched, but the country youth received the contents of his opponent's weapon on the left hip. The victorious duellist, having made sure of his claim according to their terms, now unrolled his sleeves, and had just put on his hat with an air of triumph, when, upon examination, the contents of his pistol proved to be a ball of soap! The seconds being a little wiser than their principals, did this to save the lives of those two young men, whose names we withhold, as they have heretofore conducted themselves as honest, upright, and sensible gentlemen. Seeing they were *soft-soaped*, they made it up and parted the best of friends.—*St. Louis Pilot.*

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### A GREAT ADVANTAGE.

The nurse of a Parisian lady fell ill, recently, and her mistress gave orders for a physician to be sent for.

"But, madame, they are so dear!" remonstrated the woman.

"No matter, my poor girl," replied the lady, "my own physician must see you at once."

"Then perhaps madame subscribes for a doctor as we do?"

"Subscribe! What do you mean?" asked the mistress.

"Why, madame, you see at home," exclaimed the girl, "we pay twelve francs a year for the whole family; and one year there was a great deal of sickness in our house, and I assure you, madame, I had a bad typhoid fever *for nothing!*"—*Saturday Courier.*

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Women derive a pleasure incomprehensible to the other sex from the delicate toil of the needle.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## SONG.

BY J. P. STONE.

Dear Nell was bright and fair to see,
As a balmy orient day;
And we vowed to each other a constancy
That never should dwindle away.
But I sighed and smiled; when she swore by the gods,
That her love was forever and aye.
Sing heigho! Now loud the mountain rill!
And heigho! The deeper stream, how still!

Her eye was of night—her cheek of warm day,
And her lips were an endless feast.
Her step cheered the shore where we walked, as the morn
Cheers hilltop and lea in the east.
And we leaned o'er the lake, and could see but ourselves
And heaven just beyond,—and were blest.
Sing heigho! How loud the mountain rill!
And heigho! The deeper stream, how still!

To trust a woman and be deceived
Is more foolish than children's play!
Nell had sworn by the gods to her love; I believed,
And went dreamy and glad on my way.
My vows of love was each moment fulfilled,
And hers—I will not say!
But heigho! How loud the mountain rill!
And heigho! The deeper stream how still!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE WRECKER BOY:

—OR,—

## THE FIGHT ON THE BEACH.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

By the sea-side, on a high cliff which formed part of a long reach of rocky coast, stood Maurice—a lad of some fourteen or fifteen years. He was a stout, handsome youth, with more thought and manliness in his bearing than is common to that age. His dark eyes scanned the waste of rolling waters with a calm, steady, melancholy gaze, as leaning upon an oar, a net which he had been repairing, at his feet, he awaited the approach of a boat which was rounding a headland some three miles distant. He was attired in a fisherman's garb, and as the ribbon from his tarpaulin hat and the red scarf about his half exposed throat fluttered in the breeze, he stood a picture of humble and unconscious grace, such as an artist's eye would have delighted to dwell upon.

Behind him, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile, stood a number of rude fishermen's huts some hundred rods apart, and before the doors of some of them the fishers, or rather wreckers—for such they were—were busily engaged in repairing their fishing tackle and otherwise providing for the equipment of their boats.

"Ronald is coming," said one of them, "for see! Maurice is making the sign to us. Rely upon it, he sees a storm in the wind's eye as well as we do. Heaven send us a good wreck this time! The last was all work and worry, and little profit."

"The devil send you a wreck, you mean!" at this moment interposed a rude, weather-beaten, hard-visaged woman, who was standing in the door-way of one of the cottages, and had been watching Maurice with interest long before he made the sign. "You don't flatter yourself that Heaven has anything to do with your murdering and robbing the poor, helpless castaways, whom the less cruel sea surrenders to your clutches, do you?"

"How now, old woman!" returned the wrecker who had spoken; "what has stirred you up this morning? You must have got out of the wrong side of the bed—eh? How should we live except by knocking the brains out of those who were half-dead already, as they were washed ashore? Our lives are as good as theirs, and we're not going to starve. If they don't want to be killed, they mustn't come ashore, and cheat the sea of its due. Let 'em drown! What we get, we'll have."

"You'll have a rope round your neck one of these days, and I shall live to see it," retorted the woman. "I only hope poor Maurice may never learn to do as you have done."

"O, let Maurice alone," said one of the wreckers; "he'll be the very prince of wreckers yet, if you don't make a weak fool of him with your nonsense. He's nigh as strong as a man already, and there's not a better hand among us with a boat. He pulled me from the undertow, the last stormy night we had, when I thought nothing could save me. And nobody else would have risked it but him. Perhaps it may be in my way to do *him* a service, some day. If so, I'll do it at any sacrifice, as sure's my name's Bob Hammer."

"And as sure's my name's Joe Darby," said the one who had first spoken, "if Ronald don't do better by me than he has done the last three or four times, in sharing, I'll take what proportion I earn, come what may? I wont be fooled any longer with his captaincy and his equal divisions—not I!" And he took a huge chew of tobacco to fortify and give emphasis to his resolution.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the woman.

"Don't laugh at me!" fiercely exclaimed Darby.

"Ha, ha!" repeated she; "you will, if you can, Joe Darby—not without. Both my husband Ronald and you are brutes, sure enough; but as he is the bigger brute, he'll have his own way, I reckon." And without another word, she went into the hut—Darby still muttering to himself.

"Here comes the captain, with Maurice," said Hammer, as the twain were seen leaving the cliff's edge. "It's blowing a stiff breeze already, and those clouds tell us there'll be work to-night."

At the appearance of Ronald Marksley, seven or eight men from the various huts of the group were seen hastening towards his house, where, on their arrival, a conference was had regarding his disposal of the common stock of plunder, the tidings from the neighboring town, preparations for the storm, torches, etc., etc.; and after an hour's talk, they separated—the breeze, meanwhile, having increased into a strong gale and the rain pouring in torrents.

"Why do you act so mysteriously, mother?" asked Maurice of Dame Marksley later in the day, as she beckoned him, with significant looks, from the apartment where her husband lay asleep, stretched upon the floor. "What is it you would say to me?"

"Maurice, my boy, long I have wished to disclose to you an important secret, but fear of him, and the thought that it might do no good, prevented me. But he treats me like a slave, and I so wish that you may not follow in the bloody track of these dreadful men, that I will reveal it to you—and may God turn your knowledge to good account! Maurice, you are not our son!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed he, starting and turning white. "What! are you not my mother?"

"Hush! Ronald may feign sleep and overhear," replied she, with her finger on her lips. "You are the sole survivor of a ship which was wrecked on yonder shore when you were about four years old. You, too, would have been murdered, as was he in whose arms you were washed ashore by a mighty wave, had I not stayed Ronald's ruthless arm, after he had given the finishing touch to the unhappy man who had folded you to his breast, to save or perish with you. Yielding to my prayers, he consented to let you live, and adopt you as our son. Whether the murdered man was your father, I know not; but certain it is you are not our child, and I thank God that you are not! I tell you this, my lad, that you may turn with loathing from the bloody ways of these relentless monsters, who fatten upon misery, and who take a mortal's life with as little compunction as they would hook a fish. Keep this a secret, Maurice, and while you stay with us, do all you can to save, instead of taking life. Be a saviour, instead of a destroyer, and by every safe means thwart the assassins in their dark hours of cowardly pillage. So God will prosper you, and his vengeance, which will surely light upon them, will be averted from your head."

"I will save all I can, hereafter," replied the wrecker boy, gravely. "I never liked their ways nor deeds, and have never yet harmed a castaway. But O, this news makes me feel so strangely! I don't know whether to feel glad about it or not. You don't think," he added, earnestly, pressing her arm, "that it was my father that he—murdered, do you?"

"Perhaps not, boy—perhaps not. I remember his face; I don't think he looked like you."

"O, I hope it wasn't. But then, even if he were not my father, perhaps my father was on board, and then—then"—and he burst into tears and sobs—"he must have died, at any rate!"

"Here, Maurice! Run over to Bob Hammer's and ask him if my knife is ready. He was to put a new handle on, and sharpen it. Be spry."

These words proceeded from Marksley in the next room, he having just awoke. The forlorn wrecker boy brushed away his tears hastily, and went upon the errand—his heart heavier than it had ever been before. He now felt alone in the world—and amid such associations!

As night came on, the sky became charged with furious clouds, and there was a mighty moan, which swept across the black ocean, seeming like the voice of some monster of the waters yearning for his human prey. The vaulting billows appeared to leap, in fiendish gladness to the clouds, which were preparing food for them, and their white crests smiled in anticipation; while their steady, rolling, irresistible gush, as they swayed along together, sounded like whispers of the fury which was to come. Awful was the voluminous gloom of the waste of dark and billowy hills! awful the Cimmerian canopy which made earth and ocean cower, beneath its frown and portentous sigh. O, who are on the deep to-day? Will they reach their port or their doom to-night, or struggle triumphant through an open sea? How many thousand prayers are offered for them! Will they be answered by Him who poured the flood, or shall they be as fruitless as the sea-bird's cry?

The league of wreckers—some eight or ten, sworn solemnly to stand by each other in secrecy to the death—were prepared to answer such a question in their own way. For many miles, the coast, of which they were the hunting demons, presented no point upon which, should a vessel be driven there, there was the most remote chance of escape from shipwreck. Many were the stout ships which had dashed to pieces on that dread shore, the terror of the mariner, the delight of the ravenous fish and ocean-fowl, and of the wreckers more savage than they.

"O, this is a glorious blaster, men!" exclaimed the remorseless Marksley, as they assembled on the cliff just as day went down, with sad face, behind the veil of heaven, as if hiding in grief for the wretchedness which was impending. "And see! four—five—seven ships in the offing! We shall be the most luckless dogs alive, if some of them are not ours."

Repairing to a boat-house on the beach, the party, of whom Maurice and Mrs. Marksley were members, with provisions for a rude lunch, and with bludgeons, knives, etc., awaited the expected sounds of distress—signal guns or lights booming or glaring over that mighty graveyard! Nor had they long to wait. A gun was heard—the sound muffled by the roaring waves—and the men sprang to their feet and went forth upon the rocky shore to watch. Other guns, nearer and nearer, were fired in rapid succession, and a light was seen not more than a mile from the frowning shore.

"Poor wretches! God have mercy on them!" ejaculated Mrs. Marksley, who had remained in the boat-house with Maurice. Tears started into the wrecker boy's eyes, for he thought of all she had told him that day, and had brooded, ever since, over the probable fate of his father. The old woman continued: "Wind and wave are driving them directly on these accursed rocks! There's not the slightest hope for them. Merciful hands might save a few, but they would as well fall into the tiger's clutches as among these. Better that they should drown at once!"

The wreckers had kindled a bonfire—sad misnomer!—on the shore, as if in sign that friendly aid might be expected; and the helpless vessel, a ship of large size, all management of her having finally been abandoned as useless, drove, headlong, upon the rocks—horrible cries of despair mingling with the noises of the storm, as she went to pieces in the dark.

"Maurice, you may have a chance to-night to do God and man service," said Dame Marksley, hurriedly, as they prepared to go forth. "If you do, lose it not. Thwart these demons, if you can. Remember your own wrongs, and should you see a struggle going on, give aid to the unfortunates, not to our men—not even to Ronald, should he be in peril of his life. I will be at your side to direct you."

"I will do as you say," said Maurice, firmly, "as surely as I hope to see my father in heaven, where, you have taught me, I can never reach, should I shed blood of any human creature. O, my poor father!"

They stepped forth from the boat-house into the wild scene of darkness, danger and death. The crash of broken timbers mingled with the roar of the elements and the cries for help. The surging waters answered with relentless dashing, and engulfed many a hapless wretch forever.

"They are about it! Look, Maurice! They are dashing the brains out of those men yonder. And see! Ronald is struggling beyond, with one of those who are washed ashore. If we have not strength, let us use craft. If he prevails, let us try what art will do to save the man. Come!"

The two hastened to the place where, stumbling and struggling among the rocks, sometimes knee deep in the breakers, Ronald and the stranger tugged for life. The latter proved a match for his antagonist, despite the exhaustion resulting from the shipwreck.

"Here, Maurice, Helen, help!" cried the wrecker chief, as his strength began to fail him.

Maurice ran to the stranger, and fastening about his neck, exclaimed in his ear:

"Fall, friend! fall, and I will save you. Fall!"

Whether the man believed, or whether his feet slipped at that moment on the seaweed which mantled the rocks beneath his feet, the desire of Maurice was gratified—he did fall; and Maurice, as if by accident, stumbled between the legs of Marksley with such force, as to pitch him headlong upon the sharp rocks, where a wave rolled over him, bruised and bleeding by the fall.

"Blundering fool! Is this the way you aid me?" were the first words which escaped the lips of the enraged and baffled wrecker, as, pretending to be anxious for his safety, Maurice hauled him roughly away from his adversary up the beach. "Where is he?" he added, looking round in the darkness for his opponent in vain.

"I saw a heavy wave roll back with him into the sea," said Dame Marksley. "It's all over with him by this time."

"Are *you* there, Helen?" exclaimed Marksley, feeling for her. "I would you had been here in time to have hit him with a bludgeon. But we shall find his body, I suppose. Where's Maurice?"

Maurice had suddenly disappeared. Through all the excitement of the scene, he had not lost sight of the stranger, and had now gone to his relief. The man was scrambling, exhausted, up the rocky acclivity slowly on hands and knees, when, just as Maurice put forth his hand to assist him, a broad and awful mountain wave thundered up over them both. Quick as thought, the hardy wrecker boy sprang forward and fell, clinching with an iron gripe the rocks on which he lay prostrate. The retiring wave left him there; but not so fortunate was the stranger. He had been borne back into the trough of the sea. Maurice sprang up, and at this juncture Bob Hammer came along, with a coil of rope which he had found, upon his shoulder.

"Is that you, Bob?"

"Ay, ay, my hearty—how goes it?"

"Bob, I saved your life once," said Maurice, hurriedly. "Now return the favor. You see that man. I'll hold the rope. Fasten it round you and plunge! Quick, or it will be too late"

"I'll do it, my lad, if it costs me my life." And in less time than it takes to relate it, the grateful wrecker bounded forward into the yawning, death-fraught element, white with hissing foam.

"Hold hard, boy, and I'll have him," gurgled Bob Hammer; and rising on the top of a billow, he disappeared behind it.

The huge hill of water rolled forward and fell, bathing the legs of Maurice, to whose aid was lent the strength of some mighty stones, behind which he had taken foothold. And now, by the dim light of the distant torches on the shore, Maurice saw two dark objects floating in the trough of the sea.

He heard a faint, bubbling cry—that of a "strong swimmer in his agony"—and knew that it was the signal for him to hail; and with all his might he did so, but the burden, and the force and weight of the waters would have proved too much for him had he not fortunately been aided at this crisis by the timely arrival of Dame Marksley.

"Pull! pull! or they'll drown—pull!" cried Maurice, panting with fatigue and excitement; and the wrecker's wife bent to the task, and her sinewy arms were exerted to good purpose. A rising wave assisted their last efforts, and brought the rescued twain high up the rocks, several feet beyond them.

"Whew!" sputtered the woman, as drenched by the billow, and with her mouth full of gravel and salt water, she scrambled up from the awkward position into which she had been thrown, "that was the biggest wave of to-night."

"Bob," cried Maurice, running to him, "how do you feel?"

"Well enough, only a little out of breath."

"Will you do me another favor?"

"Yes, a hundred!"

"Then help carry this man to a place of safety—any nook high up in the rocks will do. And keep this a secret; this man must not die."

"Not if he ben't dead already, you mean."

The man lay motionless where the wave had left him.

"We'll see how that is; but let us be quick, or we may be seen by the captain!" And they lifted the insensible man along to a more secure place, while Mrs. Marksley repaired to where the other wreckers were busy securing their plunder, as the waves gave it to them; over and anon giving a fatal rap on the head of some half-drowned creature, that the morning might bring them no disputants for their prize.

When Maurice disappeared, Marksley, taking it for granted that his late adversary was drowned, had hurried towards that part of the beach where the most of his men were engaged, and on the way he ran against Joe Darby, whom he found busy rifling the pockets of a corpse which had been flung ashore.

"Ha! are you there, Darby? A prize, eh?"

"Ay, and a rich one, too; and *mine*, mark you, *mine, all* mine. No sharers in this, you may be sure of that." And Darby held up a gold watch and chain, and a large and apparently well-stuffed leather pocket-book, dripping with brine. "Who knows but there's a fortune there."

"If there is, or whatever there is, it will be shared equally among us," insisted Marksley.

"Will it, though?" sneered Darby, about to stow it away.

"Ay, will it!" quickly returned Marksley, enraged at this dishonest braving of a compact which all had sworn to observe; "and *this*—" and he adroitly snatched it as he spoke,—"*this* to make sure of it!"

In the next instant they were engaged in a deadly embrace. Mutual hatred so absorbed them, that while they grappled they would have been engulfed by the breakers had they not suddenly been parted by three or four of their comrades, who came up, crying, "Boat! boat! Wreckers ahoy!"

A boat, bottom upwards, to whose keel clung half a dozen men, was on the point of being hurled ashore, and the wreckers were desirous of mustering all their strength at that point that not one should escape to tell the tale of that awful night.

"Fighting among ourselves! For shame! Let's look to the boat first!" exclaimed the remorseless villains, ravenous as sharks for their victims. "Let us attend to their welfare, and then, when they're sent *home*, fight after, if we please. Hurry!"

The combatants desisted, and all sped to the spot whereon the boat was now cast, like a toy, by the mighty sea. It had evidently come from some vessel which had foundered, since otherwise no boat would have ventured to try that wrathful waste of billows, and miraculous indeed was their preservation thus far.

The wreckers, with murderous intent, had grouped together to make short work of those whom the hand of God had protected; and just as the boat dashed with a thundering shock upon the dark beach, Dame Marksley arrived, and seeing how matters stood, hastily collected such sticks as she could find, which might be used as weapons, designing them for the use of the shipwrecked strangers, should they be so fortunate as to be able to wield them.

"Now, men," shouted Marksley, "death to all!" And they brandished their clubs, as the hapless men were jolted, sprawling, among the surf-boiling rocks.

"Death to *you*, first!" at this instant shouted Joe Darby. And he plunged a dirk deep in the side of his unsuspecting leader, who turned upon him, the blade still sticking between his ribs. Thus two of the wreckers were prevented from at once pouncing upon their intended prey, and the odds in number were now made about equal. The renewed strife between Marksley and Darby so disconcerted the others of the gang as greatly to paralyze their efforts, and ere a blow was struck, four of the strangers were on their feet, and were armed and warned by the resolute Dame Marksley; and at this juncture, Maurice providentially appeared with Bob Hammer, and together they dragged the remaining two from the surf, just as they were being swept back into the roaring, tumultuous waters.

Blindly obedient to the wrecker boy, in fulfilment of his gratitude, Bob Hammer sided with the strangers, Maurice and he each lending them a knife; and when the onset came, the wreckers met with a stout and most unexpected opposition. Their leader, still contending with his implacable foe, Joe Darby, rolled with him beneath their slippery feet, scarce minded by them in their new-born apprehensions for their own lives.

"Take that, traitor!" said one of them, dealing a deadly blow at Bob Hammer, as he was found arrayed against them.

"Thank you, I'd rather not!" cried Bob, expertly dodging the unfriendly manifestation; and the force of the blow, spent upon air, precipitated the giver headlong among rocks and seaweed.

"Take this, with my compliments, Pete Wyvil!—and it's the last you'll ever want, I hope," said Bob, bringing down a crushing blow which fractured the fellow's skull.

The conflict was now general, and as fierce as may be imagined among men striving for dear life. Though much exhausted by their struggles with the waves, the men who had just escaped shipwreck—the value of life and the hope of it having now grown stronger and dearer than ever,—became inspired with a new energy, which made them equal to the fearful occasion. And they were doubly encouraged at finding friends in the midst of their dastardly enemies.

The wrecker boy moved in the thickest of the conflict—which was waged by the solitary glare of a torch, stuck in the rocks a few rods higher up the shore,—like a sprite, dashing in where he could render assistance to the strangers, and ever and anon dealing a serviceable stroke upon the arm or head of some wrecker at the very moment when he imagined his victory secure. Deep and ferocious were the curses heaped upon him, upon the "old woman," and on Bob Hammer, by the baffled, panting, bruised and bleeding wreckers, as they found themselves forced finally to yield, step by step, and to fly before their desperate opponents, leaving three of their number dead and horribly mutilated upon the resounding beach.

"Victory!" shouted Bob Hammer, as the last of his late comrades fled up the cliff, or along the shore. "Victory! Maurice, my lad, I never felt the joy of doing a good action as I do now."

"You did nobly, Bob, and I hope this will be our last occasion to do anything like it throughout our lives. But see, friends!" added the wrecker boy, as the strangers gathered round their preservers, tendering them their thanks in half exhausted accents, "who are those coming this way, with lights?"

"More enemies!" exclaimed some, grasping their weapons with what remaining strength they had.

"No, no—you are mistaken," said the wrecker boy; "they are people from the town. You will find no more fiends to deal with."

He was right. In a few moments a crowd of men arrived, and learning the story of the affray—having been attracted to the beach by the signal guns that had been fired long before—they attended the exhausted participants in that terrible struggle up the cliffs to the habitations of the wreckers, all of which were now deserted, save by their wives and children. Among these was not forgotten him with whom Marksley had first striven that night, and who had only been left by his preservers after they had restored him to consciousness.

When morning broke, the golden sun shed not more light upon the brightening sea than did the news which enraptured the soul of the wrecker boy. In the stranger he had first been the means of rescuing, he found—his father! learning from his lips the strange tidings that he, with a few others, had alone escaped the wreck which thirteen years before had sent, as he had thought, all other of his fellow-voyagers to eternity, including his brother and his infant son. That brother had died by the hand of Marksley!

Explanations on both sides were now followed by a vigorous pursuit of the old offenders, who had been for years "unwhipt of justice," the terror of the coast, no evidence before having been positive against them. Some escaped, and the remainder, though murder could not be proved upon them, were condemned to expiate their crimes in prison. Against Bob Hammer no proceeding was made—the story of his services on that thrilling night making him the object of general sympathy and applause. But where was Marksley and his brother murderer and plunderer, Joe Darby?

On the ensuing morn, when beneath the smile of the refreshing sun the subsiding ocean danced in silver, and search was made for the victims of the storm and of the fight, a dark mass was seen floating not far from the shore, rolling slowly toward it. The anxious searchers waited till it came within reach, and then pulled it from the reluctant surf. It was found to be the dead bodies of Marksley and Darby, fast locked in each other's arms. The waters had evidently been their winding-sheet, as they had fallen in the death grapple. They and the other wreckers who had been slain, were buried on the shore they had so long contaminated.

Far away from that region of unhappy memories now lives the wrecker boy, his sire grown gray with years, sunning the winter of life in the constant affection of his manly son. Oft to his grandchildren he relates the story of Maurice, with natural pride and gratitude to God; and when they look up, for corroboration, to their father's face, they wonder that ever he was a Wrecker Boy.

## News Glances.

New Lowell Depot.—The passenger depot for the Lowell Railroad, building next to the Eastern depot, on Causeway Street, Boston, will be completed in January. It is to be of brick, with freestone caps and sills for doors and windows. Its length will be 350 feet, by 60 in width for 50 feet in front, and 40 feet high.

A remarkable Town.—In the town of Harrison, Westchester county, N. Y., consisting of a population of upward of 2000, says an exchange, there is no church, unless the dwelling-like meeting-house of the Quakers may be called one. The town has no minister, no lawyer, no doctor, and no drug store.

Looking out for Number One.—At the time the steamer Knickerbocker, while on her passage down the North River, a short time since, struck a sunken rock and began to sink, one of the male passengers was seen with *three life preservers* about his neck, while he was hurrying about in search of a further supply.

Tempting.—The editor of a Detroit paper in enumerating the attraction of a "drive" in the suburbs of that village, counts in a certain hotel where "Fisher always has on hand a supply of those birds, yclept frogs, which, when fixed up in his best style, are considered by many not so very bad to take."

Child born without Eyes.—The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal chronicles a case in Shrewsbury, Mass., where a child was born without eyes! It was a healthy boy, well developed in every other respect. There were eyelids, but no eyeballs.

New York Taxes.—By a report of Controller Flagg, it appears that the taxes of New York city have increased from $3,379,337 in 1852, to $7,075,428 in 1856. This fact makes the New Yorkers open their eyes.

Cost of Dressing the Ladies.—The imports of silks have risen in value since the year 1847 from less than $12,000,000 to over $24,000,000, and the customs from $1,838,850 to $6,129,583.

Bridging the Ohio.—A suspension bridge is to be built from Cincinnati to Covington, Ky., sixty feet in height. The stock is all taken up, and proposals are out for contracts for the abutments.

Utah.—The Deseret News, by the last mail, says that owing to a combination of drought, cold weather and grasshoppers, the crops would be short.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $3.00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

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### VANITY FAIR.

"Vanity of vanities!" exclaimed the wise man—"all is vanity!" And looking abroad in the world around us, how many proofs do we behold of the truth of the axiom. There is vanity in that gaudy bonnet, with its costly lace—in the sweep of those voluminous silken skirts—in the unnecessary display of those dainty French boots at the cleanest of street crossings. There is vanity in that male D'Orsay-ish figure, with its curled hair, its diamond breastpin and its sparkling ring on the finger. But not alone in purple and fine linen does vanity stalk abroad. That garb of more than Puritanic plainness—the opposite extreme of attire—is quite as strong a proof of vanity as the tailor's gorgeous walking advertisement that just preceded it. Does not its wearer seem to say, "Look at me! How much meeker—how much holier I am than these gaudy butterflies of fashion that hover and flutter about me!" As proud a heart beats under that drab kersey as beneath that satin boddice or that embroidered vest. When Satan was walking in the environs of London,

"He saw a cottage by the wayside,
A cottage of gentility,
And he inly smiled, for his darling vice
Was the pride that apes humility."

But pride and vanity have been doomed to fall, from the days of "Lucifer, son of the morning," to this blessed Anno Domini. Christopher North somewhere tells a story of a young preacher who was one of the vainest of mortals. On one occasion he delivered a discourse on which he particularly prided himself, declaimed in what he considered a fascinating style, and produced, as he fancied, the profoundest impression. But among the auditors who seemed to be most attentive and moved, even to tears, was a poor woman in widow's weeds, who hung upon his lips and seemed to devour every word he uttered. Flattered by this attention, our youthful hero lost no time in learning her name and calling on the widow. She told him how much she was interested in him and the cause.

"My poor husband," said she, "was a gardener. We lived on the produce of a little plot of ground. He used to carry the vegetables to market in baskets on the back of a faithful little donkey. At last it pleased Providence to remove my poor husband to a better world. Then I was left alone with my donkey, and went to market myself. But misfortunes never come single. The donkey died, too. You can't think, sir, how much I was attached to him, and how much I miss him. Now, yesterday, the moment I heard you, the tones of your voice reminded me of my poor donkey, and I couldn't help shedding tears—indeed I couldn't. I know it was wrong to be thinking of a poor animal in such a sacred place, but I hope I shall be forgiven, for you were so like him that indeed I couldn't help it, sir."

It is needless to say, that after this explanation the visitor hastily took leave, and that his countenance was not quite so conceited in its expression as when he entered the presence of the mourner.

### BOARDING HOUSE.

The life of a female boarding-house keeper must be a wretched one. If the lady who wrote the following advertisement finds customers who comply with her terms, she will be fortunate: "The gentlemen must not put their feet on the mantel in winter, nor out of the window in summer, and the lady must not write her name on the glass with a quartz pin. If she uses an air-tight, she must regulate the damper herself, and not ring every ten minutes for the chambermaid. The single gentleman must not play the trombone, nor make love to the servants, nor comb his whiskers at the table. If he does, he wont answer. The lady must not turn up her nose at everything on the table, unless she has a natural pug, and none of the party must drink or talk with a mouthful of victuals, nor must they fight for the top buckwheat cake. Terms liberal, board to be paid weekly in advance." This is certainly an odd mode of inviting customers.

SPEED THE PLOUGH.—Hon. Bronson Murray, of Illinois, we believe, offers to be one of a hundred subscribers to get up a fund of $50,000, to be awarded to the inventor of a successful and economical steam plough. It will be won, we have no doubt, and by a live Yankee.

THE ALTERNATIVE.—An idle girl, recently arraigned before our police for some offence, was offered her choice between the House of Correction and a husband. She chose the latter as the lesser evil.

GRAPES.—From the great Ohio grape-growing region we learn that the crop of this year will be a small one, owing, it is said, to the severity of last winter, which destroyed many buds.

THE REASON.—A gentlemanly thief, detected in the exercise of his profession by a lady of this city, stated that "the times were so hard that he was obliged to steal in order to live."

### THE PRESS AND THE SWORD.

Bulwer says that "in the hands of men entirely great the pen is mightier than the sword." We, Americans, who claim to be entirely great, have found the means of uniting these powerful engines of civilization. We have brought columns of type to support columns of infantry, and covered the cannon of the artillery with the "shooting-sticks" of the printers. The army that marched into Mexico was largely recruited by disciples of Faust, so that, on one occasion, when General Scott, wishing to issue a proclamation, requested on parade that if there happened to be a printer in the ranks he would advance, two hundred stalwort men stepped forth two paces to the front. A day or two after the occupation of Matamoras by the American troops, the swarthy denizens of that old rambling town were startled by an unusual cry from the lips of an old gray-headed fellow, with a bundle under his arm, who, in a strange jargon of Spanish and English, proclaimed: "Heroes the Republica of the Rio Grande and Amigo de los Pueblos—only one beet (bit)!" As he shuffled along the rectangular streets, there was none to impede his progress but the throng of customers. No policeman, with his badge, stopped the old boy to ask if he were licensed. Even the sentinels, along whose channelled bayonets flashed the rays of a noontide sun, forgot to challenge him: it was enough that he was a "member of the press," and on he passed. The dark-eyed and half-clad senoritas, spite of their languid habits of indifference, bent from their casements and gazed at him with a wondering interest. The sombrero-shadowed Mexicano lifted his corncob pipe from his lips, and perhaps a *Carrajo!* ascended with the smoke. And such was the *avatar* of the American press in Mexico—an historical event. The papers published in the different cities of Mexico during the campaign were really very creditable affairs. Their typographical appearance was as good as could be expected under the circumstances; they were edited with much ability, and many of their issues were spicy and sparkling. We hope that copies of all these papers have been preserved somewhere.

### FEMALE INFLUENCE.

Some writer says, "women govern everything, because they govern those who govern everything." Their influence is not the less powerful, because, like the dew of heaven, it descends unseen. Though the fairer and better portion of humanity do not appear on the rostrum—and Heaven forbid they should!—yet as mothers, as wives, as sweethearts, their counsels are probably felt in the halls of legislation. In the old days of Rome it was said that Numa Pompilius consulted with the nymph Egeria on affairs of state. If Randolph of Roanoke had not lost his Egeria in early life, his public career would have been very different. Many, perhaps all eminent statesmen of modern days, have had their female counsellors. Madame de Stael was the adviser of Benjamin Constant in his happiest days, and the beautiful and unfortunate Madame Roland of her husband. Still later, we find Madame de Krudener, whose oracles were consulted by the Emperor Alexander, and the Princess de Dino, so propitious to the mind of Talleyrand, to whom she supplied wit and repartee. Many of the smartest sayings of this old diplomatic fox originated with this accomplished lady. The Countess de Meulan was the friend and adviser of Guizot, Louis Philippe's famous prime minister. But Guizot was also under the influence of the Princess de Lieven, one of the most famous political blue-stockings in Europe. It is observable, by the way, that while the lords of creation rely upon female wit for support and counsel, female sovereigns very rarely employ female counsellors. This tends to balance the reciprocal influence of the sexes in the government of the world.

DUELLING.—Gustavus of Sweden had a very comfortable way of arranging duels. Two officers once called on him and asked his permission to cut each other's throats according to the code of honor. He consented, and, having intimated to them his intention of witnessing the combat, at the appointed hour appeared on the ground. Then turning to the officers who were about to engage, he said, "Now, gentlemen, fight—fight till one of you fall. And I have brought the provost marshal with me to behead the survivor." It is remarkable how suddenly the gentlemen discovered they could reconcile their differences without fighting.

A VILLAGE SPIRE.—The spire of a village church, seen in the distance, gives a charm to the barrenest landscape. Channing says: "An humble spire, pointing heavenward from an obscure church, speaks of man's nature, man's dignity, man's destiny, more eloquently than all the columns and arches of Greece and Rome, the mausoleums of Asia, or the pyramids of Egypt."

A BRUTE.—A man was arrested the other day in Zanesville, Ohio, for kicking his washerwoman into the "raging canawl," because she dunned him for her wash-bill. As she had washed his clothes, he, no doubt, thought it but fair that he should wash her. But such "turn about" was *not* "fair play."

MORBID CURIOSITY.—The silver cream jug from which Sir John Sadlier is said to have drunk poison, lately sold in England for $128, far above its value; and the rope which hanged Palmer was divided into inch bits and sold for a fabulous price. Poor human nature!

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.—What fruit is most like the capital of Maryland? An apple is (Annapolis). What tea is universally used in the United States? Liberty. Why ought short persons to be fondest of the letter T? It makes *all tall*.

CASH.—The word "cash" is derived from the Italian *casse*, the chest in which merchants keep their money. "A powerful gentleman is Senor Don Cash," says an old Spanish song.

### EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The annual average fall of rain in this vicinity is about forty-three inches.

Messrs. Hovey of Cambridge have a tree growing from a cutting of the Charter Oak.

The present month is the most gorgeous of the twelve.

A gentleman should possess a man's courage and a woman's tenderness—says a lady.

Mrs. Dudley, of Albany, N. Y., has given in all $76,500 to the observatory that bears her name.

A Benedict says it's not half so hard to get married as to get furniture.

A house without a woman is like a world without a sky—dark and dreary.

Good sense and sound reason should be the staple of our writing and speaking.

The London Times is very severe on the immorality of modern opera librettos.

"Light *tenders*," it is said, are very *hard* for poor men to obtain.

The art of photography is so advanced that books are illustrated by means of it.

Guttemberg and Faust printed the Bible with metal types in 1440.

A London paper says that bonnets are almost invisible to the naked eye.

It is said that the Turkish women will be allowed to go unveiled henceforth.

Philadelphia contributed about three thousand dollars to the Cape de Verd sufferers.

A boy of fourteen in Albany keeps a fast horse and bets high on elections.

A California friend of Mr. Buchanan has sent him a couple of live eagles.

The green-headed or golden plovers have been very plenty this fall on the marshes.

The king of the Sandwich Islands is married to an English lady.

The famous Chevalier Wikoff is coming out with a new book on his diplomacy.

A lady at a Newport ball lately wore a headdress of gold coins—a Greek idea.

A police officer of New York, on duty, was lately robbed of his gold watch and money.

The editor of the Poughkeepsie Daily Press has received a hen's egg 6 by 7 3-4 inches.

It is said that there is not an ounce of pure otto of rose sold in this country.

Madrid, they say, looks like a sacked city—splendid buildings being disfigured by shot.

A man who recently jumped from a burning house put on a life preserver to break his fall!

### PENMANSHIP.

We do not think half the attention is paid to penmanship in our days that used to be in the good old "slow and sure" times. The hurry of the age has led to a neglect of this accomplishment. But there is no economy of time in illegible writing. If a harried scrawl saves time to the penman, it imposes a heavy sacrifice of time on the victim who is doomed to decipher it. Rufus Choate's manuscript is the despair of printers. It is generally believed that men of genius write a very obscure, infirm and eccentric character—such as Byron, Chalmers, Jeffrey and Napoleon. Their thoughts flow too rapid to permit good mechanical execution. Washington wrote a fair, manly, straight-forward line, every letter legible and distinct, while his namesake, Washington Irving, writes a perfect lawyer's hand, as though he wished no one to read it but himself. Edmund Burke's hand was uneven and hurried; Lord Brougham writes a hasty hand, but with a good pen and full of ink. Wellington's notes were exceedingly hieroglyphical; and Dr. Chalmers seems to have written with the feather end of his goose quill.

ADVANCED AGE.—The venerable Father Sawyer, it appears, is not the oldest clergyman in New England. The Manchester (New Hampshire) American reports that Rev. Laban Ainsworth, senior, pastor of the Congregational Church in the town of Jaffrey, New Hampshire, is now in his one hundred and third year, having been born July 16, 1754. He is the oldest graduate of Dartmouth College, and probably the oldest clergyman in the country.

STYLE.—Some people have a perfect abhorrence of simplicity of style, and always affect the "high falutin'" order in their compositions. For instance, the old adage—"You should not count your chickens before they are hatched!"—has obtained a new reading, thus: "The producers of poultry should postpone the census of the juvenile fowls till the period of incubation is fully accomplished."

FURNITURE.—To take bruises out of furniture, wet the part with warm water, double a piece of brown paper five or six times, soak it and lay it on the place; apply on that a hot flat iron till the moisture is evaporated; if the bruise be not gone, repeat the process. Generally, after two or three applications, the dent or bruise is raised level with the surface.

A FEMALE IN DISGUISE.—A female in male attire was lately arrested in Memphis, Tenn. She had worn "the bifurcated" garment six years without detection. As she has been barkeeper, cabin-boy, etc., it is supposed the disguise was assumed for the purpose of getting man's wages. She is young and pretty.

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.—The shocking scenes exhibited in England, lately, at the executions of Palmer and Dove, are directing the attention of British legislators to the expediency of making capital punishments private.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—Count de Morny (French ambassador) and suite are living in great style in St. Petersburg, and consume, among other things, a hundred bottles of wine a day.

WEATHER.—The fine weather we have had lately has compensated for the wretched cold and rainy summer we dragged through.

THE FASTEST YET.—Flora Temple lately trotted in harness a mile in the unprecedented quick time of 2 minutes, 24 1-2 seconds.

## BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Lost Heir: or, The Young American Soldier." A tale by Mrs. CAROLINE ORNE.

"I think of thee," lines by WILLIAM A. T. RENDER.

"The History of two Lives," a story by Mrs. MARY MAYNARD.

"Contentment," verse by Wm. ROSSENCE LAWRENCE.

"My Tutor's Niece," a tale by WILLIAM S. OLIVER.

"Town and Country," a story by JOHN THORNBERRY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

View of Lowell Island, Salem Harbor, Massachusetts.

A page of illustrations of some of the vegetable products of the earth, giving views of the Hemp plant, the Tobacco plant, the Turmeric, Indians preparing Cassava, the Carnaube, the Yam, the Arrang Saccharifera, the Cotton plant, and the Coffee plant.

Representation of the Flying Proas of the Ladrone Islands.

View of Washington Street, Hoboken, New Jersey.

A fine large representation of that lovely and celebrated Inland river of water, Lake Lemon, or the Lake of Geneva.

Portrait of Hon. Otis P. Lord, of Massachusetts.

View of a Coal Pit on the Gravois Road, near St. Louis, Missouri.

Portraits of Charles Gildemeister and George J. B. Cisco, architects of the Crystal Palace, New York.

View of the noted Column of the Place Vendome, at Paris.

✱ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of the FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4.00 per annum.

## Foreign Items.

Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 26 miles round. It had 100 gates.

A census just taken in Greece shows the population to be 1,043,251 souls.

The censorship of the press has been rendered still more rigorous in St. Petersburg.

The late Crimean war has swept away the savings of England's forty years of peace.

The rumor is revived of a Congress on the affairs of Italy, to which the principal Italian States will be invited.

At Antwerp, on the 17th ult, there was a brilliant celebration in honor of the twenty-five years' peaceful reign of the King of Holland.

Madame Pfeiffer, the celebrated female traveller, is on her way to Madagascar, into the interior of which savage country she intends to penetrate.

Sardinia contains over 9000 schools, with over 400,000 pupils, besides numerous classical institutions, and three great universities with over 5000 students.

A desperate engagement has taken place between the crew of a Prussian ship-of-war and some Algerine pirates on the coast of Morocco. Eight of the former were killed and twenty wounded.

The last Parliamentary return shows that on the 31st of March last, the amount of unredeemed national debt of Great Britain was £775,312,694 ($3,876,563,470), and the annual charge for it upon the nation near twenty-four millions sterling.

At the stables of Garston's Hotel, in Liverpool, are a male and female dromedary, together with four beautiful Arabian horses, the property of an American gentleman, and intended for breeding. The owner of these animals has been upwards of twelve months on a sojourn in Arabia, Egypt and Asia Minor.

## Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Misfortunes are medicines which no man likes, but in whose bitterness is cure.

To the untrue man the whole universe is false—it is impalpable—it shrinks to nothing within his grasp.

The events of youth are stamped in the memory of age, as primeval footmarks made in clay are preserved in stone.

Kind words are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a Paradise of the humblest home that the world can show.

It is impossible to love one in whose truthfulness we cannot confide; or to slight one whose words, and purposes, and actions are without dissimulation.

To an indigent person perpetually boasting of his ancestry, an industrious, successful tradesman observed: "You, my friend, are proud of your descent—I am proud of my ascent."

Some one has said of those who die young, that they are like the lambs which the Alpine shepherds bear in their arms to higher, greener pastures, that the flocks may follow.

Without reason, there can be no religion; for in every step we take in examining the evidences of revelation, in interpreting its meaning, or in assenting to its doctrines, the exercise of this faculty is indispensable.

Brood no longer, ye dreamers, but awake, shake off your sloth and work, and when you work, look to it that you work in the right direction! Not for fame, for it will cheat you; not for what you call happiness, for it will slip from your grasp. Ascertain your duty, and then discharge it.

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears prevent sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

## Joker's Budget.

Compliments are only prismatic bubbles, blown with the aid of "soft soap."

When is a man shaved with a silver razor? When he cuts off his heirs with a shilling.

It has been remarked that any man can be an orator who possesses the two great requisites of brass and volubility.

"What is the occasion of that bell ringing, Tom?" "Well, I presume it is occasioned by somebody at the end of the rope."

Why is a man who prefers his oysters on the half shell like a prima donna? Because both are fond of a *fi-or*.

No proof of temperance—a man with his hat off, at midnight, explaining to a lamp-post the principles of his party.

In a Dutch translation of Addison's Cato, the words, "Plato, thou reasonest well," are rendered, "Just so—you are very right, Mynheer Plato."

A German paper announces that Miss Wagner is an exalted echo of the undeveloped immensions of our musical taste, which, if not educated, at least has not been vitiated.

We know a gentleman so extremely refined that he is obliged to leave the room if, when he is dining with a person who has red hair, there happen to be carrots on the table!

"Pompey, why is a journey round the world like a cat's tail?" "Well, I docen't adzactly see any semblance 'twixt the two cases." "Well, den I spose I'll have to tell you—because is am fur to the end ob it!"

"So, here I am, between two tailors," said a beau at a public table, where a couple of young tailors were seated, who had just begun business for themselves. "True," was the reply, "we are new beginners, and can only afford to keep one goose between us."

## Quill and Scissors.

A person named Danger kept a public house on the Huntingdon road, near Cambridge, England. On being compelled to quit the house, which was not his own, he built an inn on the opposite side of the road, and caused to be painted beneath his sign, "Danger from over the way." His successor in the old house retorted by inscribing over his door, "There is no *Danger* here now."

The authorities at Paris continue an active crusade against the adulterators of milk. In one day thirteen wholesale milk dealers were convicted and sentenced to three months' imprisonment and 50 francs fine. The quantity of water added to the milk by some of these fraudulent dealers was in one instance as much as 56 per cent., and the general proportion varies from 30 to 50 per cent.

Augusta Maywood is the name of an American *danseuse*, now preparing herself for the stage, in Italy, who is described as possessing, in combination, "all the grace of Carito, the finish of Rosati, and the force of a Hercules, with the pantomime genius of Ristori." She will soon visit London, to bid for fortune's favors.

The stimulus given to the India trade by the Russian war seems to have infused new energy in the British home government in aiding the development of the resources of the East.—The crops this year are said to be large, and the exports from Calcutta, Bombay, and other parts, will be enormously great.

In San Francisco a manufactory of sugar has just been established upon a large scale. The capacity of the works is said to be equal to refining 300 to 400 tons of sugar, and 20,000 gallons of syrup a month. Supplies of raw sugars are imported from Manilla and Batavia.

Mormonism is making such rapid progress in Denmark as to cause the religious and reflecting part of the inhabitants to look with dread to the future, as it may exercise a most baneful influence on the peasantry and lower classes, who are exclusively to be found among the converts.

Our colored brethren are not afraid to be funny at their own expense. On one of their New York houses of worship they have judiciously emblazoned the peculiarly appropriate words of Scripture—"The people that sat in *darkness* saw a great light."

The encampments of the Hartford (Ct.) regiment at Hartford, on the 10th, 11th and 12th ult., was named "Camp Mother Bailey," in honor of the heroine of that name who tore up her petticoat for wadding at the battle of Groton Heights.

It is stated that the steamboats Rip Van Winkle and Commodore, running from Troy to New York, have taken this season at least 3000 horses to the New York market. Most of these horses are bought up by the omnibus and city railroad lines.

The distinguished vocalist, Madame Barilli Thorne, died recently in Lima, Peru. She was a favorite prima donna of the Italian Opera Company in Boston, some years since, and married the son of Colonel Thorne of New York.

Mr. Samuel C. Bishop of New York offers a reward of $500 for the detection and conviction of the person who cut the submarine telegraph cable laid by him between Nantucket and the main land.

In the last nine years the total amount of duties received in the Treasury from manufacturers of silks was $51,893,871, while the total revenue from iron, manufacturers of iron and steel, only amounted to $50,139,942.

Over a hundred of the most respectable citizens of New York, including such men as Wm. B. Astor, Jacob Little, and Brown Brothers & Co., have invited Mr. Wood to run again as a candidate for mayor.

Enoch W. Clark, formerly of Northampton, Mass., who recently died at Philadelphia, left a fortune of over $1,000,000, accumulated since the year 1841, in the business of money exchange brokerage.

The population of the town of Upton, in Massachusetts, is 2037—of whom 1125 are females—or more than half of the whole—are employed in the manufacture of straw goods.

The arrivals at Quebec, from sea, this year, up to August 18, have been 657 vessels, of 330,974 tons. Last year, in the same time, there were only 362 vessels, of 180,125 tons.

In the interior of Peru there has been discovered a beautiful tunnel under a river, the work of the old Inca Indians, and a lasting proof of their civilization.

The Melbourne papers report the death of one Henry Waller, aged 62, the oldest Australian emigrant, he having resided in the colony thirty-seven years.

## Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Edward Carrington to Miss Margaret Hinas.

By Rev. Dr. Neale, Albert P. Morrison, Esq. to Miss Sarah E. Gage.

By Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. John J. Jones to Miss Olive Rogers.

By St. Rev. Bishop Southgate, John M. Huntington, Esq., of Chicago, to Miss Mary A. Parks.

By Rev. Mr. Gaylord, Mr. Charles H. Hikins to Miss Mary S. Duff.

By Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. James D. Colton to Miss Sarah S. Sallen.

At South Boston, by Rev. Mr. Collyer, Mr. Benjamin T. Wells to Miss Martha A. Whitcher.

At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Anderson, Mr. Charles T. Redding to Miss Ella N. Anderson.

At Cambridge, Mr. George F. Tarbell to Miss Adaline M. Hale.

At Brighton, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. Francis R. Fay to Miss Sarah Ann Sanderson.

At Lynn, Mr. John Vickary to Miss Mary Nash, of Salem.

At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Worcester, Mr. Henry Marsh, of New York, to Miss Sarah F. Kimball.

At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Mellen, Mr. Abijah Peabody to Miss Mary Bulkley.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Campbell, Mr. Stephen H. Thurlow to Miss Agnes C. Mitz.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Merrill, Mr. Nathan Emerson to Miss Mary H. Swan.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Thomas, Mr. Benjamin F. Almy to Miss Ellen M. Bayles.

At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Weiss, Mr. Daniel Shilwell to Miss Emma I. Holmes.

## Deaths.

In this city, Mr. Daniel Thomas, 69; Mrs. Zilpha M. Brown, 46; Mr. Thomas Knight, 24; Widow Ann Burchsted, 80; Mrs. Mary N. Marsh; Mr. William Waldock, Jr., 23; Mr. Josiah Hayden, of Braintree, 75; Mrs. Elizabeth Aborn Burtt; Mr. Thomas Turner, 62.

At Charlestown, Mr. Charles H. Williams, 33; Mrs. Mary Richardson.

At Cambridge, Mr. Nathaniel J. Wyeth, 54.

At Roxbury, Mrs. Louisa Hamilton Thomson, 46.

At West Roxbury, Mr. Henry Sweetser, 67.

At Dorchester, Mr. Darius Holbrook, 35; Mr. Edward Sharp Richardson, 19.

At Lynn, Widow Isabella N. Beckford, 80.

At Salem, Mrs. Ruth D. Jenks, 38; Mrs. Mary Manning, 65; Mr. William Ryan, 55.

At South Danvers, Mrs. Mary A. Huntington, 56.

At Pepperell, Eli Boynton, Esq., 76.

At Gloucester, Mr. Charles Clark, 36.

At Lowell, Mrs. Catharine Hinman, 107; Mr. Benjamin H. Shepard, 35.

At Worcester, Mrs. Ellen M. Barnes, 30; Mr. Frederick Townbridge, 26.

At North Adams, Josiah Gardner Robinson, Esq., 82.

At Leverett, Mr. Lucius Field, 74.

At Nantucket, Mr. Reuben Hills, 24, 73; Widow Mary Coffin, 85.

At Pittsburg, Dea. Samuel Crocker, 82.

At Leominster, John Gardner, Esq., 69.

At New Bedford, Widow Abigail Hathaway, 93; Elijah Colby, M. D., 68; Mr. Levi Chace, 76.

At Dorchester, Widow Mary H. Taber, 80.

At Plymouth, Widow Betsey Whiting, 81; Mr. Edwin Webster, 23.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## AUGUST.

BY MARY DELL.

The spring is past, and summer beauty too
Is passing far too rapidly away;
Already nature wears a graver grace,
The pensive beauty that precedes decay;
The birds sing sweetly still, but to my ear
Their songs are sadder than when in the spring
They sang their happy welcomes, and my heart
Had a wild joy, their glad notes echoing.

Still hours and shaded skies have now their reign,
And haze and dews obscure the rising day;
The cricket chirps among the withering grass,
And locusts chant their long monotonous lay;
All things betoken that the year has passed
From bud and promise to its graver prime;
We watched the buds turn blossoms, now the fruit
Hangs ripe and mellow in the harvest-time.

In our glad years how cheerily we sang,
And took no note that time was passing on;
Friendship and love, the blessings of our spring,
Ah! like the year's gay buds, ye all are gone;
Mistrusts, and cold, dissimulating deeds
Oft take the place of friendship's tender trust,
And in our riper years our spirit mourns
To find that hearts are cold for yellow dust.

Soon the cold winds will mock the tender flowers,
That deck the brow of pensive autumn; drear
Will be the scene, when fluttering o'er our path
The withered leaves proclaim the winter near;
So sadly shadows fall upon our way,
As years roll on, and youth's high hopes depart,
And manhood's cares succeed bright boyhood's glee,
And sorrow's down fall coldly on the heart.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE PROMISE TESTED.

BY MARY GRENVILLE.

It was a bright fire that blazed in the big, old-fashioned fire-place in one corner of Farmer Treadwell's big kitchen. The broad stone hearth was swept clean, and Mrs. Treadwell had seated herself near it, with one foot on the rocker of a cradle, where slept a fine, healthy babe—just as precious to the mother's heart as though it had not been the *tenth* ushered into a family where love and labor battled for victory over want. "Hush'sh'sh," and the foot tipped the rocker to and fro, as an abrupt stamping was heard, first outside the door, and then within, then the farmer, entering, shook from his cap and coat the white, fleecy snow which a smart wind had driven into the seams and wherever it could find a place that his full, straight figure did not fill.

Walking up to the fire, he gave the huge back-log a kick with his thick, cowhide boot, sending an army of sparks up chimney, and bringing into the corners a quantity of half consumed sticks of wood, which he picked up and threw into the embers. The renewed flames sent a more brilliant light into the room while they wound like fiery serpents round the yet healthy-looking log, as though striving to bring its defiant hugeness into a like small compass with themselves. After throwing upon its sizable rotundity another handful of round, white birch, the farmer drew a chair to the fire, and seating himself with his arms folded upon his broad chest, seemed to be studying the process of decomposition going on in that part of his wood-pile which he had gathered into the ample fire-place. Not a word had been spoken until now, when the farmer made some remark upon the stormy night.

"Yes," rejoined the wife, "it is a hard night for any one to be out. Did you call at Mrs. Green's on your way home?"

"I did."

"What did she say?"

"Pretty much as I expected—that she should not need her."

"Then she doesn't want Susan?" said the wife, half-inquiringly, as though hoping to draw out something more satisfactory before concluding the subject.

"No," was the somewhat evasive reply.

And now, for quite a little while the silence remained unbroken, save by the sap oozing lazily from the log, and hissing as it dropped on the red coals beneath. At last, the cowhide boot gave the fire another kick, making the flames spread among the fuel until the old kitchen grew brighter than many a gas-lighted parlor. Somehow, the light seemed to creep into the farmer's heart, for he was fast throwing off that anxious, perplexed look which he had worn all the time he had been dreaming away there, and brightening up, he abruptly broke the Quaker-sitting with a—

"Well, Rachel, I tell you what 'tis, if one of the girls must go, better send Martha."

"Send her where?" inquired the wife.

"Send her where? Why, to Boston; you know we mentioned something about it the other day."

"Yes, but I didn't know as you would conclude it was best;" and Rachel's face grew a shade sadder, for she saw plainly that some such arrangement must surely be made, either sooner or later, and it would be as hard at one time as another.

The farmer usually carried a stout heart, and seldom wore a discouraged look. His wife had counted more wrinkles upon his brow during the last ten months than she had for the ten previous years. Drought had cut off his crops, and disease had robbed him of some of his most valuable stock.

Nor was misfortune content with that. After storing his hay and small crops of grain in his barn, it accidentally caught from a fire that was clearing a piece of land in the vicinity, and all went to ashes. This last stroke was a severe affliction to the father with ten precious children to feed during the long months that must pass away ere he could gather from his lands another harvest.

Rachel wept; and after they were alone on the evening of the day on which the fire occurred, she laid her head upon her husband's shoulder, and with clasped hands murmured for the first time:

"What shall we do?"

Richard uttered a groan, and exclaimed:

"O God! what have we done that thou shouldst visit us with this heavy calamity? Was not our cup *full* before?" And the strong man reeled in that stormy trial-hour like a child before a stern, angry master.

Rachel grew more anxious and almost alarmed at seeing him so strongly affected. Drawing a little round stand to the fire, she lighted and placed upon it a tall tallow candle, then taking a well-worn Bible from the mantel-shelf, she commenced drawing therefrom the oil for their bruised hearts.

"Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you. Arm yourselves, likewise, with the same mind, for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin."

What! had these words never before met the frequent search of Richard Treadwell? He *must* have read them, and yet they *seemed new* to him. Rachel still went on, and when she concluded her humble readings from selected portions of the Scriptures, they knelt in unison of spirit, and the simplicity of their faith brought a wealth of trust to that home of poverty.

How many such of earth's poor children in sad hours like these does the angel of his presence stand ever ready to save!

Richard Treadwell arose from prayer, wondering if he had ever *really doubted* that the lambs of his flock would be kindly kept and cared for.

Soon after these events, winter set in, and Mrs. Treadwell, with the help of her two daughters, was busy as the busiest. Susan, with her calm, thoughful face and slender frame, went quietly about, accomplishing much by doing "light chores," as well as with her needle; and by her womanly tact in managing, took the greater care of baby, while the industrious mother and active Martha performed what the world now-a-days would term wonders, by way of drying apples, spinning and weaving, together with the cooking, washing and ironing for a family of twelve. Besides, it was no small task to fit up clothing for seven boys, six of whom they hoped to make decent for the winter school, "and all to be done out of nothing," said Martha, while Susan was looking over an old camlet cloak of her father's, and with her mother's aid was planning to make four outside garments for the four youngest boys.

"O, no; don't say so, Martha," said the mother. "Only think how much we have to be thankful for. I had no idea that my web would hold out so well. I shall have enough to make jackets and trowsers for each of the boys, a coat for your father, and a dress for Susan. You and I must make our last winter's ones answer for this season; Susan is such a cold creature that she will need a new one."

"No, mother," said Susan, "I have already fitted up my old one, and shall insist on your wearing the new one, and making your last winter's into clothes for Billy. If I go to Mrs. Green's, her house is so warm that I really shall not need so much extra clothing as yourself, so that is settled, isn't it, mother?"

"But, my dear, I have not told you that your father called to see Mrs. Green last night, and she says that her niece is to spend the winter with her, so she will not need you."

Susan looked perplexed; she had dreaded leaving home, and grieved inwardly over the necessity; but she knew well their condition, and that she must go somewhere. She did not, however, speak out her feelings; Martha, though, took the subject where her mother left it.

"And father says that I may go instead, doesn't he? That's just what I want. I don't care to go to school this winter; I am now a way by Martha French, and her father has kept her at the academy ever since our district school closed. Say, mother, shan't I go to the factory, or go learn a trade? There's the Wilkins girls come home this last thanksgiving with new cloaks and bonnets, with feathers and flowers such as Martha French says the girls all wear at the place where she has been to school; and then they had silk dresses, and brought home ever so much money besides. They said they'd get me a place there when I was ready to go."

"Don't say anything more about it now, Martha;" and the mother turned away with a fresh bleeding at the heart, that Martha's vanity should so strikingly betray itself at a time when the whole family were taxed to the utmost to keep out starvation. The subject was dropped here, and each went to her task.

The short winter day seemed soon spent, and sunset brought home the weary father and his three eldest sons from their day's work in the woods.

Martha knew well how to make all things bright and cheerful as possible in their humble kitchen. She had thrown on to the fire a heavy piece of pitch wood, and drawn the coarse, patched window curtains, cautioning her three youngest brothers against cluttering up again, while having their usual evening frolic with baby.

"Mother" now came from the chamber where she had been nearly all day weaving, stopping only when her fingers were so stiff with cold that she could not fly her shuttle, and taking that opportunity to give baby his luncheon. On entering the kitchen she threw down her heavy web of cloth and repeated what she had that morning said of its holding out so well, whereupon several voices shouted:

"Shan't I have a new jacket, mother, and I, and I?" echoed through the group.

"Hush, children, don't be so noisy," said Susan; "you know mother will do the best she can for you all."

"Father," said the eldest lad, when the children had quieted down, "I heard Tom Eaton say that Mr. Allen wanted a boy to do his chores and chop wood, this winter; he said he would give him six dollars a month and his board; and I've been thinking that if you would let me go I should like it. You know the money that I earned haying last summer has got to go towards the new barn, and—"

"But you must go to school, Ben," interrupted the father quite sternly, to avoid betraying his emotions, for reference to the sad affair, and his need of taking the lad's earnings to help repair their misfortune instead of spending it for clothes and books as was promised him while he toiled for it in the long, sultry summer days, all served to work up the father's feelings to a greater degree of painful intensity that his children once imagined.

Ben was silent; his father seldom spoke in so stern a manner, and he felt guilty of having committed some wrong, but what he knew not.

"Supper is ready," now shouted Martha. Immediately, noisy frolics were suspended, and each one in their place at the great round table. A toil-hardened hand was raised above the board, the signal was heeded; each little prattler hushed his glee, and older ones with bowed heads and closed eyes, seemed to join in asking God's blessing on the simple meal.

"This toast tastes really good, mother"—a favorite way that Farmer Treadwell had of addressing his wife. "Mother" looked gratified, and acknowledged Martha the cook and housekeeper of the day. Both father and mother then declared her capable of doing well. Martha improved this assertion by turning it to account. The plan of sending one of the girls away was now for the first time discussed in presence of the family—Martha teasing that they would let her be the one, and Susan declaring her willingness to "do as mother thought best."

Farmer Treadwell noticing that the conversation somewhat lessened his wife's appetite, shoving back his plate, declared, by way of changing the subject, that he hadn't relished a meal so well for a long time. But the subject was not so easily disposed of. There followed many weary days and nights in which Mrs. Treadwell tried to make up her mind to send Martha away. Many were the reasons both pro and con that suggested themselves to aid in her decision; and she strove hard to weigh them well.

In was now three weeks from the evening in which our story opens. Martha and Susan were seated with their parents, very busy and very quiet.

"There, mother," at length spoke Martha, "I believe that I have finished the last thing, now all is ready."

"And I," said Susan, "have run a string into this bag for the cookies and other eatables."

"But of what monstrous size it is," said Martha, as Susan was holding it up to view. "I should think, mother, that you were expecting us to cat hike men in a logging-swamp."

"Well, child, you and your father will be hungry to-morrow, for it is a long ride," answered the mother.

Here Mr. Treadwell laid down his weekly newspaper which, as was the usual practice, had been dropped at their door by the post-boy on his way to the village, and looking up at the old clock, hinted the need of the girls retiring early.

"Yes," said Mrs. Treadwell, "I think you had better go directly, for you will have to be up early in the morning."

"O, well, I shall wake by father's first calling, once. I don't feel now as though I could ever go to sleep, but for Sue's sake I'll go," said Martha, as a glance at her sister's pale face easily told of the rest she needed.

"Good-night," was spoken all round, and when the last echo of their footsteps had died away, Richard Treadwell moved his chair nearer to Rachel's, and in a low tone read from his newspaper the following:

"Wanted—A young, intelligent girl from the country, to do plain sewing and help take care of children. Liberal wages and a pleasant home will be afforded one giving good satisfaction. Apply at No. — Milk street, Boston."

"Now, wife, what do you think of this? It strikes me that it may be just the place for Martha; better than her learning a trade at present."

"I don't know but what it would," replied Rachel, slowly, as she took up the paper to examine the advertisement for herself. On laying it down, she added: "Well, I guess you had better go and see the man. You can tell something of his nature and disposition by talking with him a little while. It will be better for her health to have her time divided by some more active employment than sewing," continued the wife, rising to make preparations for retiring.

"Yes, yes," said the farmer, drawing off his boots, "we can tell better all about it after we get there. I am glad I can recommend her for being neat and tidy."

"Yes, and for her truthfulness," added the wife. "To be sure, she is rather fond of dress and display, but I hope—"

"O, lor', don't worry 'bout that, mother, she'll be liked all the better for it, may be; and as for her extravagant notions, she'll see when she has all to do for herself, what it costs, and 'twill teach her to be more thoughful."

The Treadwell family was astir early the next morning, for a great event was to transpire beneath their roof. "Father" was to take Martha in his sleigh to Boston. Railroads were almost unheard-of things in the parish of Burtonville. It was sixty miles to Boston, and Mr. Treadwell was to make the trip in a day, so they were to start at four o'clock on this morning, and the farmer was not the man to be behind his appointed time.

"Come, come, mother," said he, "it is nearly half-past three. Where are Billy and Amos? all up but them."

"Yes, father; I have been up to kiss them a good-by in their dreams. They were sleeping so soundly I thought that I wouldn't wake them," said Martha, affecting a gay tone of voice; for her heart was trembling with grief in this parting hour, but it was too earnest in its aimings, and too proud, to let it be visible.

Before breakfast was half over, Billy and Amos came down in trailing night-gowns, rubbing their eyes and half crying with disappointment that they were not called with the other boys. Susan arose and helped them make a hasty toilet, and then gave each a seat beside Martha, who, to atone for the neglect, lengthened out her meal, glad of a chance slyly to half fill their plates from her own, with what her mother had heaped upon it, and which she could not swallow for the "rising" in her throat. The three remained at the table after the others had left it, and Martha cheerfully entertained the little boys with a fancy sketch of her journey, promising to write them a letter in big capitals, all about it.

"Come, come, boys, you mustn't hinder Martha any longer," said Susan, arranging the travellers' outside garments on a chair before the fire.

"Here," said Mrs. Treadwell, handing a little square bundle to Martha, "is something for you to look upon when you are away. Try and remember all I have told you, my child—God will bless you."

The mother turned away; she could say no more. She dared not lay the weight of even another word upon the flood-gates of her heart, lest it should press open the sealed fount which once started, would be ungovernable.

Martha, taking the package, simply said, "thank you, mother," and to avoid a like betrayal of feelings, declared in the same breath that she must "go into the bedroom and take one more kiss from baby." Either a sight of its chubby face, and a thought of how it might change before she looked upon it again, or else it was stooping over the child that tipped the corner of her eye, which had hitherto very successfully balanced on its brim a certain fluid that now fell in big globules and lay in glittering brightness on baby's face. The little innocent slept on, unconscious of the offering.

Sacred, and all too sad, are the memories of our own leave-takings of a very old and very dear home, to dwell longer on the parting scene that belongs to our little story. Parents and children, after the fashion of whose hearts and lives we have drawn the Treadwell family, even now live and can tell of the mournful echo that belongs to every sound, long after the family circle is first broken; whether by death or stern necessities of another nature, the first one to go from thence, makes a void that time is slow in filling.

"Is Mr. Ashmead in?" asked a tall, good-looking countryman of one of the clerks in a large wholesale store in Milk Street.

"He is, sir; shall I speak to him?"

"If you please, thank ye."

The young man soon returned, saying that Mr. Ashmead would be happy to receive the caller in his counting-room, whither he very respectfully conducted our old friend, Farmer Treadwell. After a half hour's conversation with Mr. Ashmead, Mr. Treadwell left, promising to return in the afternoon and bring his daughter with him.

"But you had better bring her to my house, sir. I will be at home as early as three o'clock." And giving him the directions for finding his house, the latter place was agreed upon for the meeting. Accordingly, on that afternoon, the farmer and his daughter might have been seen plodding their way through Tremont Street until they came to a large, fashionable house with Ashmead written on the glittering doorplate. Their ring at the door was promptly answered, and Martha, with a fluttering heart, entered the spacious hall, elegantly furnished and ornamented with pictures which she longed to stop and examine; but the servant gave them no time for this, and they soon found themselves handed to luxuriously easy seats in the drawing-room.

Martha was almost bewildered at the sight of so much splendor; she fancied she had been led by the spirit of some dream into one of her imaginary palaces. Family portraits were hung around the room, but she thought they must be fancy paintings, all but one, and that had her mother's own eyes so truthfully represented that even the farmer himself recognized the resemblance. On this, Martha was gazing so earnestly that she did not notice the slippered footfall on the soft velvet carpet, and was aroused from her reverie by her father saying:

"This is my daughter, Mr. Ashmead."

Martha started, blushed, and bowed timidly as the noble-looking man approached, cordially extended his hand, and welcomed her in a manner at once so easy and respectful that she felt as much at ease as she would have done in the presence of one of their Burtonville neighbors. Yet she said but little; her mind was too much occupied with wonderful sights, or her heart too full of doubts as regarded her capability to fill the place for which she had applied in that great house, to express much in words. Nor did Mr. Ashmead make the occasion one that required words from her; his conversation with the farmer had shown him the parent's honest heart, and Martha's open, frank countenance and bright intelligent eye spoke volumes in her praise.

Soon there entered the room a tall, sallow-complexioned woman, in a green dress and white apron, with a heavy bunch of keys suspended from one of the strings that confined it to her waist. Her cranium supported a suspicious quantity of combs and curls, which, in a would-be-careless manner she was constantly adjusting with her chalk-colored hands loaded with finger-rings, and half concealed by her nicely-crimped ruffles fastened around her wrists, the fabric and style matching another of enormous depth to suit the length of her neck, around which it arrayed itself in all the dignity of starchdom, while over its fluted column protruded a sharp chin like a sentinel, guarding well-concealed investments of real "worth to no one save the owner." But of this last fact the owner was probably ignorant. She came into the room by a door at some distance from and toward which Mr. Ashmead's back was turned; so that before he noticed her, Martha had a chance to conjure up all manner of reasons for such a man to choose such a wife. She was holding her breath with surprise and disappointment, when the supposed husband arose and introduced Miss Lynx, his housekeeper, and next, his two lovely children that had bounded into the room, less noiselessly than the tall lady of whom they seemed to be quite shy; but a pleasant word from Martha brought them to her side. In a moment, little Carrie was winding her arms around Martha's neck, and as she did so it was the easiest thing in the world for Martha to lower her cheek to a pair of rosy lips laden with a fresh warm kiss; and then Emmie, a little taller and more retiring, must not be neglected, so that soon the trio band were like "auld acquaintance."

"You had better come away, children, and sit down here," spoke a sharp voice.

The children looked toward Miss Lynx, and their little faces seemed immediately to reflect the dark shadow that was shot forth upon them. Their active muscles relaxed, and reluctantly Carrie was beginning to slide from Martha's lap, but she held one arm close around the child and retained Emmie with the other, saying that they did not trouble her; it gave her pleasure to talk with them. A glance from their father was interpreted, and the cloud on their faces gave way to sunshine, while they settled back into their former places with the assurance of now holding a life-lease of the same.

"Taut you take off your bonnet?" asked Carrie, pulling gently at one of the strings.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Ashmead; "why didn't we think of that before? Take off your things, Miss Treadwell; and you, my good sir," turning to the farmer with an air of assurance, "will throw off your overcoat and stop with us to-night. Your daughter will then become somewhat acquainted with us, and so less likely to feel homesick after you leave her," adding, as he lifted Carrie from Martha's lap, "we will make her contented, wont we, birdie?"

Martha thought that if "mother" could have only seen Mr. Ashmead when he said that, she wouldn't worry another minute about having her left among entire strangers. But the father's quick eye saw it, and on his return home, he described the whole in colors not false, and yet bright enough to gladden the mother's heart and send up from its secret chambers a psean of thankfulness to Him whose ear caught the still offering.

It was in vain that Farmer Treadwell excused himself from accepting the kind invitation proffered by his noble friend—no excuse would be accepted, and a servant was immediately despatched for Martha's trunk. In the meantime, Miss Lynx showed Martha to her room, which proved in keeping with what else she had seen of the house—being large, airy, and tastefully as well as conveniently furnished. Adjoining it was that which the children occupied; and Miss Lynx informed her that her task would be to have the whole care of the children, and spend her spare moments in sewing.

"I hope," she added, pointing to a little mantel clock, "that you like to rise early. Here is a bowl and plenty of water. I like to see young girls clean and tidy." And Miss Lynx gave Martha's attire such a scrutinizing look that the poor child felt quite sure of something being out of place there. "I suppose you wish to change your travelling dress for another to go down to tea in," said the officious housekeeper. "Dick will soon be along with your luggage."

Martha looked perplexed. She had not thought of changing her dress; she really had on the very best that she owned—a plain brown merino—that fitted her neatly and was very becoming. Martha, too, knew when a dress "looked to suit," and when it didn't; she said nothing, however, but secretly hoped that "Dick" would lose his way in some of those short turnings to where her trunk was left, or that he wouldn't be thoughtful enough to take it to her room. But Miss Lynx looked out for that, and in a short time she was screaming from the head of the stairs:

"Bring that box up here!"

"That can't be mine," thought Martha, "for I had a trunk!"

She soon learned the mistake which a moment before had relieved her mind, for the servant came in with her trunk on his shoulders, landing it in the corner of the closet which the careful Miss Lynx had designated for it.

"Here, child," said she, stooping down to it, "hand me your keys and I will be unlocking it while you are dressing your hair."

Martha did as requested, because she thought it would be impolite to do otherwise.

"What! was this the right trunk for him to bring? Your dresses are not all in here!"

Martha gave a wild look to the once carefully packed wardrobe, as it was spread over the floor in direst confusion. Seeing that all was there, she answered:

"Yes, ma'am, here is all the clothing that I brought. Mother said that I could get more with my wages, as I might need it. This," said Martha, holding up one of the dresses, "is for afternoon. Those others are morning dresses."

"*That!*" and Miss Lynx pointed to the one Martha held in her hand; "why, child, that is home-made"—taking it from her and sniffing—"why, I can smell the dye-stuff about it now. You mustn't wear this for one while!" And shaking it heartily, she tossed it over a chair.

Martha was ready to cry with chagrin and disappointment. Great was her relief when, just then, a servant came and told her "tea was on the table"—not giving her time to change her pet merino.

Soon as possible after tea, Martha repaired to her room to restore her wardrobe to its proper place, and unseal the little square package which mother gave her just before she started, and which she had reserved to be done when she should have reached her new home. It proved to be a present from each member of the family. There was a toilet cushion from sister Sue, and carefully packed beside it were two egg-shell baskets, bound with blue paper, and freighted with tiny acorns and popped corn—representatives of Amos's and Billy's good will. Next, came a work-box manufactured by the older boys, and showing greater evidence of jack-knife operations than of any other kind of "edged tools." But how dear it was, now, to Martha! She remembered the very day in which it was made, for it accounted clearly enough for what the boys were so long and so slyly at work about in the old garret. Now there it was, with its little partings for thread, thimble, scissors and needle-book—the outside with its coat of red ochre, well established by a thorough rubbing with beeswax, which answered for varnish.

Martha was about to pay the offering a tribute of tears, when her eye caught sight of a paper folded in just the size and shape of the parting

in which it had been tacked. Lifting up one corner of it with a pin, she drew out quite a thickly folded paper which, on opening, turned the sad expression of her face into one of mirth, which she did not suppress until she had had a hearty laugh.

Brother Ben was always teasing her about "trying to be so much like Martha French—a thing that she couldn't exactly do," he said; and this paper presented an exhibition of Ben's genius in caricaturing. Martha French was represented "fresh from the academy," dressed in a ludicrously showy manner, her foot lifted daintily from the ground, which she seemed to observe as something too disgustingly low for them to touch, whereupon Ben had seized a squeaking goose by its nether limbs, and with its two wings fresh plucked from its bleeding body, he was apparently hastening to relieve the young lady from her evidently painful position by placing one on each shoulder. In the rear was Martha Treadwell, without a ribbon to her hat, and her scanty skirts clinging close around her feet, from which she was vainly attempting to gather them away, as though if thus unfettered she might gain the same graceful (?) position which her paradox of fashion had done. Ben held between his teeth one corner of a scroll which the wind, raised by his chase after Miss French, had floated off over his sister's head, and on it was inscribed: "It's no use, Patty—can't do it till you've seen Boston meeting-house." The whole had such a striking resemblance to each party there represented, that any one knowing them would have guessed their intent and purport.

True, Martha Treadwell laughed over it till she cried, and cried until she laughed again; but it did her good to see herself so ridiculously set forth. The picture was a little germ planted in sly retirement, but it gave birth to virtues which coming years strengthened until broad branches sheltered many a hope that was then struggling in hearts now loving and praying for her who had gone out from them.

But we must not pass over the next gift. Folded in a nice, clean wrapper, was the Holy Word—"From Simon and Rachel Treadwell to their beloved daughter, Martha." And inscribed in their own hand writings was—"The word of truth, that shall lead thee into all truth."

"O, how kind they all are to me!" And Martha Treadwell clasped her hands over her full heart as she knelt for the first time in her strange home; and a prayer trembled on her lips such as had never before gone up from her soul to heaven. Peculiarly near seemed the great God to her, and doubly dear the privilege to think and know that he was omnipresent—that he was there with her, and in her own home, too, so far away.

Martha's heart was a mine of wealth, but its veins were deeply hidden; and perhaps no circumstances could have been more conducive to their development than those hard necessities which drove her from home.

"Mr. Ashmead," said Miss Lynx, as that gentleman was preparing to go to his business, "I should like to speak with you a few moments." And seating herself, she began: "You know, Mr. Ashmead, that I've always had my suspicions of that girl we took from the country?"

"How should I know any such thing, Miss Lynx? I know nothing why any one should suspect her of aught save good."

"There—that's just the way! I knew you'd think that there's nothing in it, but"—and Miss Lynx's voice sounded very much like that of an injured woman's trying to do her duty for——sake—"I know it's my duty as a member of the church to inform you."

Here she hesitated, and Mr. Ashmead had a chance to say:

"One should never be slow in any performance of duty, Miss Lynx."

Miss Lynx looked up very seriously; but the gentleman at whom she looked had only repeated one of her old sayings, and she went on:

"Yesterday—yes"—and Miss Lynx passed her hand over the spot where the brains were supposed to be located—"it was yesterday—that I called into a broker's office, where I saw some jewelry that I think, sir, you could very easily recognize as having belonged to this house, or rather to individuals in this house, or that once lived in it!" Here Miss Lynx sighed heavily. "I asked the man how they came there, and he said a boy brought them there some time ago to pawn for a lady who was sick and could not go out—that they were accompanied by a note which, at my request, he gave me permission to take home. Here it is, sir."

Mr. Ashmead grew pale. The blood left his lip, as he traced the handwriting of Martha Treadwell in a note to the broker for a certain sum of money on the jewelry contained in the box which accompanied the note. Miss Lynx looked painfully satisfied. Her hands were crossed in a very meek manner, and her eyes lifted to the ceiling, seemed to say: "I'm thankful that I'm not as others are."

When Mr. Ashmead could speak calmly, he said: "I will call and see this man. You, in the meantime, will not betray by word or sign that you know aught of this matter."

Miss Lynx bowed affirmatively—why shouldn't she? Mr. Ashmead had spoken with authority. But now he was gone, and she raved away to herself:

"Minx! she'll have to take her walking-ticket now—that I'll warrant her! She would had to have budged three years ago, if dear Mrs. Ashmead had been living—yes she would! She wouldn't a had none of them 'blessed privileges,' as she calls 'em, of studying music and painting, and trying to be a fine lady for sake of turning the *faithful* ones out o' doors—or what's worse, going off down into the parlor, when company comes, to play and sing and say all manner of 'funny things,' keeping the whole parlor full of folks laughing, and then laughing herself to show her teeth, I suppose, never once minding that poor Mrs. Ashmead's portrait looks right down upon 'em! And then she even reads out loud from that old German book to Mr. Ashmead, and he sets there and watches with all his eyes—O dear, dear! 'twouldn't be so, if dear Mrs. Ashmead was alive—*that* it wouldn't!"

"And so, Miss Treadwell, you do not care to disclose the secret reason for doing as you have done! You prefer that suspicion should settle into conviction made doubly sure by your wilful silence!"

"I can only say, sir, that I am innocent of the theft with which you charge me. The other accusations brought against me—"

"*Are true?*"

"Yes, sir."

"And still you are innocent? impossible! I might have believed this, though—might have thought that the note purporting to have been written by yourself was forged—yes, I was ready to believe that the whole affair had been gotten up by some adversary, until last night, when I saw you lay upon the broker's stand a sum of money that redeemed certain jewels of your own, and others which a previous examination told me were mine; and in no honest way could they have been placed there."

Mr. Ashmead, ashy pale, and trembling violently with his emotions, paced the parlor floor for a few moments, then turning abruptly, said in a voice that sounded more like distant, threatening thunder: "Girl! I give you just ten minutes to decide!" and resumed his walk with increasing rapidity.

The statue before him remained motionless. Beautiful, too, was it to look upon! The finely developed figure was gracefully robed in a thin muslin that enveloped it more like a light, fleecy cloud, than anything made with hands; her handsome head was slightly bent forward, and bound with rich masses of dark hair; her long eyelashes lay like a mourning fringe over her cheek. Yes, Martha Treadwell was beautiful to look upon; and could it be that dishonesty was working 'neath that heaving, throbbing bosom? Could the gazer on such loveliness say, "it is all a whited sepulchre!" Mr. Ashmead had felt all this, and now he trusted not himself to look upon her or think of this! Since reason told him she was guilty, should he let his sympathies overpower him?

"Your time has nearly expired!" said Mr. Ashmead.

Martha attempted to rise, but fell to the floor. Lifting her head upon the sofa, his hand was upon the bell-rope to call for assistance, when a shriek in a distant corner of the room arrested his movement. Turning around, he saw crouched in one corner a colored servant, wringing her hands and weeping bitterly as she burst forth, saying:

"O, de good Lod, I hab killed her—I knows I hab! I knows I hab!"

"Jane, is that you? Come here this minute, and tell me what this means?" hoarsely demanded her master.

"O, de good Lod! you'll kill me if I do."

"I'll kill you if you don't!" he replied, so bewildered with the exciting scene that he was unconscious of the extent of his threat.

While Mr. Ashmead stood over Martha, chafing her cold hands and almost bursting temples, Jane went on between her half smothered sobs to say:

"I wanted for a whole year to git money enough to buy my poor old mudder wid, and missis has writ all de letters for me to her old massa, and knows all 'bout it when he writ back dat he must hab fifty dollars more for her, and dat before de next month, or he wouldn't sell her at no rate. I was nigh 'pon crazy den, but missis, who was sick when dat letter come, made me go and take out her little box of present what you and de chillen gib her last Christmas, and I held her up in de bed, while she writ a note to send me wid 'em to de broker dat would let me hab de money, she guessed. And she said dat when she got well, she could go and buy 'em back again. But de broker said dey warnt wuth what she wanted, and so when Ise comin' back, I thought how I should die, till jes 'fore I gits here I happens to fink of seein' dem tings on your table dat mornin' when I made de bed, and so I—"

Here Jane broke forth afresh, crying aloud and wringing her hands.

"So what? Go on, I tell you!"

"Well, sar, I jes stepped into yer room and put 'em in de box beside de odder ones, and kerried 'em right back. I tort missis would send me for 'em' when she buyed 'em back, and den I could take 'em out and put 'em jes whar I found 'em. Now, massa, dat's all—true's Ise libin', chile, dat's all."

"And that's enough!" returned the master.

"O, don't kill me! don't kill me—for my poor old mudder's sake, don't!"

Mr. Ashmead dismissed the servant, and after she was gone, said:

"Martha, why did you not tell me all without hesitating?"

"I will tell you why. When Jane confessed the theft to me, she was frantic with her pleadings that for her poor old mother's sake I would not expose her. I thought the matter over. Up to this time, she had been a faithful servant in your family ever since I came into it, three years ago; she had not been suspected of even a dishonest motive in any one thing. To expose her now and have her sent adrift with a stain upon her name, would not, I knew, be the way to place her under influences that might serve to encourage and strengthen her in the work of reforming; on the contrary, it could only be opening to her new avenues of sin and temptation.

"I thought, too, of the power which this temptation must have had over a mind not overburdened with reasoning faculties to aid in strengthening a heart in which strong affection and desponding fears were waging a heavy battle. So I dared not judge the guilty one. Then, her 'poor old mudder's sake' was another reasoning argument which my sympathies could not withstand, and concluding with the thought that a knowledge of the true state of affairs existed with no one save ourselves, I gave Jane—yes, solemnly and sacredly gave her my promise that so long as she proved faithful, I would not expose her. That promise was warm upon my lip, and fresh within my heart, when your message came for me to meet you here this evening. I presume Jane, by whom you sent it, through fear occasioned by her guilty conscience, suspected the cause of the errand, and so stole into the room door after I entered it."

A week later than this, Mr. Ashmead and Martha sat in the library. She had just completed reading to him her German exercise, and closing the book, was about bidding him good night, when he detained her by saying:

"So, Martha, you preferred to leave us, rather than break your promise?"

"Yes, sir. I felt that I should be guilty of an untruth to break one solemnly and sincerely given as that was to Jane. But I shall be careful how I ever bind myself by another, and not feel sure that it is one which I can keep without such a great sacrifice of happiness."

"I trust so, Martha. But will you listen, while I propose one for you to make—not, however, until you are quite sure that it will bind you with none other than pleasant duties which it shall be your chosen aim to fulfil."

"What is it?" And Martha's great, earnest, truthful eyes were lifted to his. So much were they like those in a certain portrait which Martha always thought resembled "mother," and which now seemed with spiritual beauty and loveliness to look down upon them, that Mr. Ashmead had, before to-night, traced the resemblance; and as he now gazed tenderly upon them, he gently and with feeling spoke of the peace that was with him when their light brightened his home; and how, when that light went out, his way seemed dressed with mournful shadows until there sweetly stole over it another so much like that he was sometimes most tempted to believe that a kind angel, still caring for his earthly peace, had sent thither the soul that fled this light. And lest it should leave him by reason of something less stern than that which took the other from him, he would now bind the trembling one by his side with a PROMISE that she would continue to brighten his home, share in his paternal duties and domestic cares, and more—ay, more, to give him the full free love of the heart that was almost besting in glad, bewildered rushes that *promise* that for days after she could find expression for in no other way.

But it was none the less reluctantly given because of such tender reference to a sainted dear one as was made in the remarks that prefaced the entreaty for it, and which acted as a high and noble incentive upon Martha Treadwell's heart, even after a partial test of its fulfilment had named her Mrs. Ashmead.

## MY COUSIN LUCY.

My Cousin Lucy was a romp—a bold, dashing, beautiful, delightful tease of a romp, who gave me no peace—and made me the happiest mortal in the world. It was perfect torment and perfect happiness to be teased by Cousin Lucy. She was a fairy romp. There never was anything so light and buoyant and graceful as Cousin Lucy; there never was such a laugh as hers—it was merriment set to music. You might be vexed sometimes; an angry word would rise to your lip, perhaps—but one glance at the smile that lighted up her sweet lips—one glance at her merry, half-roguish, half-apologizing eyes, would send your vexation to the winds. It was exquisite pleasure to be near her. She came and went like a sunbeam. She brought light with her, and left a shadow behind when she was gone. It would have been cruelty to have checked the flow of her spirits. She could not have lived in a restrained atmosphere. Merriment and laughter and glee bubbled up from her breast—and if pressed down into her bosom, would have broken her heart. Everybody liked her. She teased everybody, tormented their lives out (so they said), but everybody continually talked about her, courted her, praised her, took delight in her. What a light, graceful thing she was! I do not believe the flowers felt the pressure of her feet, as she passed over them. Her pat, little, arched foot, would scarcely brush the dew from the leaf it touched. Her agility was wonderful. She would dart about you like the play of lightning, and defy your efforts to seize her. Her spring was like a fawn's. She would almost have crossed "a roaring flood on the unsteadfast footing of a spear"—if any footing could have been unsteadfast to her lightness and command of limb. And then her daring! No one ever ventured to swing so high as she did; nor to mount such mettlesome steeds; nor to clamber up such dangerous precipices; nor to do a thousand things at which other young ladies shrink and become terrified.

I confess that I loved my Cousin Lucy. I was not alone in this, but I fancied from the first that while she unmercifully ridiculed and tormented other of her admirers, with me there was a leaven of mercy—of tenderness, I could almost say. Indeed, I shall never know happiness so complete and entire again, as those days spent with Cousin Lucy—when she was only Cousin Lucy. Now—well, no matter about *now*—then, she was a new and a rare flower, with the dew on, and every sense I possessed was fascinated. If I could only look upon her, I was happy; to close my eyes and listen to her, was enough; to touch her, to feel her hand in mine—sometimes even to kiss her hand—this was *too* much. Once, indeed, in the midst of a mad romp—for we were very children both, and gave our spirits holiday—I caught her in my arms and snatched one fall, complete, round kiss! That kiss! It was a dozen years ago, but I have not forgotten its sweetness yet, although since then, the same lips have been fondly pressed to mine many, many times.

The fine sports we had in those times—that dozen years ago. Lucy was up to many a trick, bold, hoydenish some would call them—very *unlady-like* they undoubtedly were—but Cousin Lucy no more thought of being *lady like*, than she did of being her grandmother. She would have laughed at any such idea with so rich, merry, and glorious a laugh, that the stiffest sticklers for the proprieties would have been half converted to her view of the question. I recollect one of her rom-boy tricks—in which I was the victim—a very naughty trick, so everybody said; but then everybody laughed heartily. We had been in high glee all that day—had tormented and teased each other in every conceivable way, but all with so much real enjoyment that even the gravest member of the family did not attempt to check our spirits. At last, I hardly knew how it began, I was playfully attempting to resort upon her for something done, by sprinkling her face with a few drops of cool spring water I had in the hollow of my hand. I succeeded, but only to receive in return a much larger quantity. The game was open, and I received a shower at every turn. I was thoroughly ducked—drowned—in fact, became a sort of walking cataract. The mischievous witch began by drowning me with a dipperful—and ended by pailfuls. In vain did I attempt to approach her with a view of punishment. She darted around me like a sprite. It was splash, splash—blinded, bewildered, gasping, dripping, saturated, I could only make ineffectual attempts to escape her, or retort upon her. To retort upon her! She was a Napoleon—everywhere at the same moment—pouncing down upon me from unexpected quarters—appearing and disappearing with the rapidity of flashes of lightning. Did I crawl around the corner of the house to come upon her unawares—just as I thought her capture secure—splash came a bucketful over my head from behind! There was no taking her unprepared, and there was no being prepared for her. My own feelings were those of a drowning rat—as near as I can imagine the feelings of a drowning rat to be. It ended as all our sports ended. I was thoroughly conquered—and she without a thread wet. It was all very childish and very ridiculous—a practical joke, and practical jokes are under ban; but nevertheless I like childish and ridiculous things—and a good practical joke sometimes.

Never shall I forget how heartily the laugh was turned against me upon another occasion. I had vowed that I would have a kiss from Cousin Lucy, and Cousin Lucy had dared me to the attempt. I accepted the challenge, and darted at her. She eluded my spring, and then began the chase. It was in the evening. Up and down stairs, in and out of rooms, with doublings and turnings, and stratagems and manœuvres. The chase was a spirited one. More than once I had my hands upon her, but she glided from my grasp as if she had been a sunbeam. At last, I was close behind her, and there was only one turning by which she could escape. It was in the hall, and it was dark. She turned an angle, whence a flight of stairs descended, and, as she did so, I sprang upon and seized her, as I thought. She struggled in my arms, shaking with suppressed laughter. I bent down to seize the kiss, fairly won as I supposed, when a light suddenly flashed up from the foot of the stairs, and a peal of laughter rang through the house. There, below, was my Cousin Lucy with a light held above her head, her finger pointed at me, and the most provoking expression upon her face. I looked at the figure I so tightly held in my embrace, and I dropped it suddenly. I had been vigorously embracing the kitchen wench, instead of Cousin Lucy. I looked at the red-armed Bridget, who was cramming her apron in her mouth as if to stopple up her laughter; I looked at Lucy laughing so triumphantly below; I looked at half-a-dozen other faces, attracted to the spot by my discomfiture; and I bolted, ran, out of sight and out of hearing.

It was getting really necessary that I should do something heroic in the sight of my Cousin Lucy. I had been her victim and laughing-stock too much. She would grow to despise me—so I feared. I wanted to conquer somebody or something. I felt quite Quixotish—chivalrous, heroic, and so forth. Some adventure or hairbreadth escape I quite panted for. An accident unexpectedly did it all for me. There was a little stream we often sailed upon, with a beautiful little wooded island in its centre. The trees upon this island, in one place, interlaced in a perfect arch with those of the opposite bank. It occurred to me one day, and I proposed it at once to Lucy, that I should climb the trees, clamber along the arching boughs, and descend on the opposite side. There was enough danger in the adventure to give it zest. I was surprised to hear Lucy oppose it. Nothing ever seemed to give her fear for herself; why should she tremble, as she evidently did, at the trifling thing I was proposing? She told me afterwards that she was seized with an unaccountable apprehension—a sort of presentiment, I suppose.

The ascent was easy enough, and I was just about to pass from the tree I had ascended to the branch of an elm, and from this to an oak by which I could descend, and was exulting over the success of my feat, when, as I threw my weight upon the bough, it snapped, bent, and I was suddenly sent swinging through the air at a height of forty feet. At the same instant, I heard Lucy scream, and giving a hasty glance downward, saw her sinking upon the ground. The branch upon which I was suspended had partially broken at a joint, and was held by what appeared to me no more than its mere bark. I had slipped down the full length of the pendant branch, and my only hold was by my hands. The position was one that could not be retained many moments, even if the broken bough had strength enough to sustain me. My muscles and sinews soon grew swollen and strained. My strength was gradually escaping from my limbs. I felt that my hour was come. The river was shallow beneath me, and its bed rocky. If I fell, I should be dashed to pieces, and to climb up the branch seemed impossible, when the least strain threatened to snap it entirely off, and send me plunging through the air. I closed my eyes, and tried to think of death. My position had become so painful, that I tried to gain sufficient resolution to loosen my hold, and so at once end my suspense and agony. I looked down to take my last look of Lucy. Her hands were clasped, and her pale face gleamed through her dishevelled tresses. The sight of her nerved me to exertion. I looked up along the branch to which I clung. It was evidently firmer than I had first supposed. It was possible that I could draw myself up. The hope gave me courage. I began cautiously to ascend. Incessant practice in a gymnasium had given me experience in this mode of climbing, and desperation gave me unnatural strength and power of endurance. I gained confidence as I proceeded. The limb surged and swayed with my exertions, as if every instant its frail limb would sever, but it held out so long that I began to look upon myself as past danger. At last I could clasp my knees to the limb, and, in a few moments more, reached and threw myself upon another branch—safe!

I could see that Lucy had fainted—so I rapidly descended and flew to her side. A little water restored her—and she began to laugh and weep alternately. We went home together, with my arm around her waist. She was silent and different from what I had ever seen her before.

Somehow, Lucy was not the same to me after this event. She stopped teasing me. Had she grown afraid of me? Scarcely, for we took long walks together, grew mutually fond of moonlight (what more significant sign!) and read the poets together.

I wound my arms around her waist one day, and looked down into her eyes. "Lucy," said I, "shall it be so?"

Lucy knew what I meant, if the reader does not. Lucy said that it might be; and so I have another name for Cousin Lucy now.—*Mrs. Stephens's Magazine.*

### SIDNEY SMITH ON SWEARING.

Sidney Smith, when travelling in a stage coach one day, long before railroads were dreamed of, was terribly annoyed by a young man, who had acquired the *polite* art of swearing to such an extent that he inseriarded his discourse with it as though it were a constituent part of the language. As there was a lady present, the matter was doubling annoying. After enduring the young man's displays for some time, the "wag, wit and wicar," as one of his cockney admirers called him, asked permission to tell the company a little anecdote, and thus commenced: "Once upon a time (boots, sugar-tongs and tinder-boxes!) there was a king of (boots, sugar-tongs and tinder-boxes!) England who, at a grand ball (boots, sugar-tongs and tinder-boxes!) picked up the Duchess of (boots, sugar-tongs and tinder-boxes!) Shrewsbury's garter (boots, sugar-tongs and tinder-boxes!) and said: '*Honi soit qui mal y* (boots, sugar-tongs and tinder-boxes!) *pense*,' which means in English: 'Evil be to him who (boots, sugar-tongs and tinder-boxes!) evil thinks.' Thus was the origin of (boots, sugar-tongs and tinder-boxes!) the order of the garter."

When Sidney Smith had concluded, the young gentleman said: "A very good story, sir—rather old—but what has boots, sugar-tongs and tinder-boxes to do with it?"

"I will tell you, my young friend, when you tell me what your various damnings has to do with your conversation. In the meantime, allow me to say, that's my style of swearing."—*London Athenæum.*

### HOW TO SEE A BROTHER.

The following anecdote is told of Prince Oscar of Sweden: When a boy, he was one day roaming over his father's palace in quest of his brother, who was lately appointed Viceroy of Norway. Not finding him, he asked a chamberlain he happened to meet, where he was.

"His royal highness," answered the officer, "is now under arrest?"

"For what?"

"For having in a passion broken the mate to the porcelain vase you see on the mantel-piece."

"Well, I would like to see him."

"Impossible," was the answer; "his majesty, your father, has given me orders to the contrary."

Whereupon young Oscar, walking up to the mantel-piece, snatched the costly *Sevres*, saying as he did so:

"Now, sir, you will please have me arrested, and mind you see to it that they put me in the same room with my brother.—*Albion.*

### THUMBS BEFORE KNIVES.

There was one, a girl of some eighteen years of age, who might have sat for a Hebe; she came to the river-side, bearing on her head a species of tub, such as the washerwomen in Britany use for kneading in while they wash. She stopped close to me and put her tub down, which was filled with enormous slices of black bread flanked by huge lumps of butter. She then sat on one of the stepping-stones, within a few of me. Thus far all her motions were graceful; but alas! how small a thing destroys sentiment! Seizing one of the black wedges in her delicate white hand (blanched by washing), she plastered one side with butter, using her right thumb for the operation, and handed it to one of her companions. In this manner she dealt with all the slices, distributing them to the women around her, who seemed to relish them not the less for the absence of a knife.—*Wild's Vacation in Brittany.*


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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## ONWARD AND UPWARD!

BY GULA MEREDITH.

Though dark be the tempests that over us roll,
Though friends may forsake and may leave us forlorn,
Let this be our motto, 'twill strengthen the soul,
Though shattered our shields, and our banners be torn.

Let the proud world deride us, and think what they may,
Let the powers of darkness against us combine;
For help in temptation to God we will pray,
And move "onward and upward, and true to the line."

'Tis the watch-cry of faith, and we'll bravely go on
In the course we have marked, for the goal is divine;
And when dangers are over and victory won,
Sing "onward and upward, and true to the line."

In the "battle of life" it has borne us along;
In the "valley of death," when our spirits decline,
We'll treasure it still, and well sing the good song,
Of "onward and upward, and true to the line."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE FLIRT.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

It was nearing the sunset of a beautiful day, early in the opening summer. The orchard trees were loaded with fragrance. Their white and pink blossoms grew in thick snowy clusters, and whitened with their falling petals, as with the stainless harvest of the bygone winter, all the emerald turf below. Except where, near the foot of the old orchard, away from the trees, wound a narrow foot-path, crossing the hillside.

It was up this path, long and long ago, in the years that are far gone, that a pale, thoughtful-looking, dark-haired boy walked slowly, in the closing day. He was slight and tall for his years, which could not have been more than eighteen; but there was nothing of the awkwardness of boyhood in the graceful mould, and free though quiet motion of the slender form. Already, in that young countenance, the traits of manhood were visible. The shadowing forth of a high and earnest soul, early maturing for its future labor, was there. The soul of one already learning the lesson of life; that lesson, so sweet yet so bitter; the lesson that we must all learn, whether it is pleasant or painful; that must be learned perfectly, and only finishes at the grave. It was just opening to him.

Richard Everton was thinking of it to-night; thinking that so far it had been very pleasant and peaceful to him. That he had reason to be grateful that it was so; and was looking forward with calm faith to the future. He could not see—he only trusted. It was with a meditative brow, that leaving the shady path he was pursuing, he crossed the foot of the old orchard, and entered the field beyond, that lay broad and clear in the sunset light, with only the lengthening shadows of the distant trees, intersecting the golden bars of the evening sunshine, that grew softer and paler every moment. A soft breeze, springing up, sighed gently around him, and lightly rustled through the deep grass. It bore faintly to his ear the sound of distant voices—the approaching tramp of horses' hoofs.

Light and musical laughter rippled along the evening air; and lightly leaping the low wall separating the field from the road that bounded it, he observed a party of three persons drawing near, on horseback. The party consisted of a gentleman, handsome, dark and haughty-looking, and who bore himself gracefully and well; and two young ladies, who, though of various styles of beauty, yet bore to each other a certain resemblance which showed them to be related. For Madaline and Lucy Everton were sisters. Madaline, the elder, must have been nearly eighteen; fair in complexion, with large, deep blue eyes, and abundant golden hair; and a countenance so perfectly beautiful, so sweet and charming, that one must be fascinated by its lovelines, despite himself.

Lucy seemed some twelve or eighteen months younger, and she, too, was fair, with the same large, deep-blue eyes, the same abundant golden hair; but the expression of those eyes was different—it was graver—softer—more thoughful; in its pensive sofness, her countenance was even more lovely than that of Madaline.

Richard Everton's color slightly rose, as he beheld this party; but his glance passed the other two, to rest on Madaline. He proceeded more slowly; they, drawing nearer, recognized him, and Madaline, reining up her horse, held out her hand to him, with a lovely smile, saying in her gentlest voice, "Good evening, cousin!"

A happy look beamed in his fine, hazel eyes, as he received with a timid pressure the beautiful hand so freely given him; and the soft color, that rose for a moment fluttering to her cheek, filled him with an emotion inexpressible.

Lucy sat silent till he turned to her. There was no flush of feeling in her cheek, as he bent over her hand; as she, too, bade him good evening. But her soft eyes grew gentler still; and their serious smile of welcome dawned with a tender beauty, and died lingeringly away again, unseen beneath the drooping lashes.

The gentleman merely bowed, with a half-haughty inclination, to Richard, and remained silent. Madaline, only, exchanged a few words with the young man, before riding on. But it was with her sweetest accent—her kindest look.

"Your father, I trust, is well this evening?" he said.

"He is unusually well, I thank you, Richard," she answered; then added in a low tone, as musical and winning as it was sad: "O, how I wish, cousin, you would come up sometime and see him! I am sure—I am very sure, he would welcome you. Indeed, I think—I am afraid—you judge him wrongly. I know he could not but learn to—to like you."

Her white little hand, as she murmured these words, was laid entreatingly upon his, that rested upon her horse's neck. The blood wavered in the young man's brow, with the emotion pervading his breast, at the seemingly unconscious tenderness of that voice and touch. How sweet they both were to him! But he shook his head.

"Nay, Madaline, I fear it is impossible for me to win your father's affection. Nay—do not look so sad, dear cousin! One day, perhaps, he and I may know each other better than we ever have yet. I must wait patiently till then. But," glancing towards Madaline's companion, "I fear I detain you, cousin. Let me say good-by."

"Good-by then, Richard."

She allowed her hand to rest in his an instant, even softly returned its pressure; and then, with another of her rare, sweet smiles, turned away. Lucy saw his eyes lingering on her sister's face, with unutterable tenderness of expression. When he turned to her, there was an unconscious cloud of trouble on her sweet face. It was with an accent of sadness in her kind voice, that she bade him adieu, and then, with downcast eyes, rode on.

"That was our young divine, I believe—was it not, Miss Everton?" asked Madaline's cavalier, as the party proceeded. "For really, I am not certain, although I think I have had the honor of being introduced to him." He spoke in a light tone, and a faint glow dawned in Lucy's fair cheek.

"That, Mr. Cameron," she answered, quietly, without waiting for Madaline to speak, "was *our cousin*, Richard Everton."

The gentleman slightly bit his lip, and colored at the rebuke. Madaline, too, seemed somewhat confused, but covered Lucy's grave answer with some gay rejoinder; and so they rode on; but Lucy spoke no more on the way homeward.

She knew that her cousin Richard loved Madaline; it needed nothing more than her own woman's heart to tell her that. And she know that Madaline, pleased with the knowledge of her power over his affections, delighted to feed her own vanity by encouraging them—by coquetting with and deceiving him. For it amounted only to that—all the notice Madaline Everton bestowed on her cousin Richard. He was only a poor student—he was only *to be* a country clergyman. It was presumption in him to look upon her with the regard that every glance and tone of his betrayed. But his boyish love flattered her, nevertheless; and so, herself half bewildered by her gratified vanity, she led him on, knowing all the time that it was only to make him miserable at last.

She did not call it wicked, or cruel, or even wrong, thus to encourage him. If there were ever times when her conscience told her that it was so, she turned away from the accusing voice, and hushed it, saying to herself: "I know he never can hope to marry me. He must know it himself. For my father looks coldly on him. He does not like him, and never would permit me to marry him. Richard must know this, but he cannot help caring for me still; and would it not be more cruel in me then, to treat him with indifference? to deny him even the brief happiness I can give him, by allowing him to believe his affections returned?"

With such sophistry as this she glossed over her own selfishness. It was true that Sir James Everton did not look with favor upon his young nephew. For Richard Everton's father had won for his bride the first love of his elder brother; and the baronet, embittered against him on that account, had treated him and his family thenceforth as strangers. Richard's father and mother were dead; but the hard feelings Sir James had entertained towards them, were extended even to their child, after their death. He seldom saw Richard, and only favored him with a brief and constrained sign of recognition, when he did so. But this was no excuse for Madaline's indulgence in the spirit of coquetry natural to her. Lucy felt it. But she had never, by word or sign, touched upon the subject of her sister's conduct, in any of their conversations. She avoided—she shrank from it. Only, when she beheld Madaline thus coquetting with him, a deep pain was in her heart, and she said to herself: "O, if Madaline only knew what such love as Richard's is worth!"

"Lucy?"

"Well, father?"

"Where is your sister Madaline this evening? I have not seen her for the last hour."

"She is walking with Mr. Cameron in the grounds, I think, sir. She went out with him a little while since."

Lucy had suspended her sewing, for a moment, as she answered her father's questions, and regarded him questioningly; for there was an unusual cloud on his brow this evening. He paced the room slowly to and fro, with folded arms, his eyes downcast with an expression of serious—almost stern thought.

"Lucy," he said, again, presently, "Madaline sees her cousin Richard, occasionally, I believe?"

"Yes, father," Lucy answered, in a subdued voice. The question agitated less than surprised her; for it was the first time, almost, that she had ever heard her father speak Richard Everton's name.

"They must have met frequently, I think?" was her father's next question.

"Yes, father." And her voice slightly trembled. "Madaline rides out a great deal, and the road, you know, winds directly past his house. And we have seen him very often at Dr. West's."

He was silent a moment. Then he said, briefly: "So I had concluded. I happened to see them in conversation, this morning, and observed them both. They did not see me. Lucy," and he paused before her, with a sudden decision of manner, "Lucy, tell me truly, do you know anything of the sentiments with which they regard each other?"

She hesitated and trembled.

"I think that—Richard—likes Madaline, father," she said, at last.

"Ay, likes."

It was all he said—those two words. But they were uttered with a stern significance, that showed how well he comprehended the thoughts which she failed to express freely.

"Well, Lucy—and she—Madaline—the type of her sex? She 'likes' him also?"

The young girl was silent.

"Lucy—tell me," and he spoke with grave command, "you must know something of this: do you not think your sister is deceiving him—Richard Everton, my nephew? Do you not see that she is coquetting with him—amusing herself at his expense—making a temporary plaything of the boyish heart that he has placed in her merciless keeping?"

"Yes, father."

She could but just whisper the words. She bent over her work to hide the slow, large tears that filled and blinded her blue eyes.

"I thought so. You may wonder I see so far, Lucy, but I have not been quite oblivious of all that has been going on around me. No! Good cause have I to watch in scenes like these, where my own child is concerned! She would deceive him—I see it—as one equally beautiful once deceived me."

He paused abruptly. The table on which his hand rested, shook beneath its pressure. He was strangely agitated; a single moment, and he rallied.

"I have never been kind to Richard, Lucy," he said. "I regret it now. Next to you and your sister, he is my nearest of kin. He is not to blame for the deeds of his parent. But even were he my enemy, I would not see him made miserable as I have been, and by a child of mine. I am going to examine this matter, Lucy."

He stood there in stern and silent meditation a moment longer, and then, without speaking a word, went out. Before the sun had sunk in the horizon, he came back, but not alone; one was with him, in whom it was easy to recognize the boy-student we met something more than three years ago. In these three years, Richard had finished his theological studies, and already he was ordained for the ministry. And still, through all his labors, he never ceased to love Madaline Everton. Mr. Cameron had been absent from England all this time, and had but just returned. That night, Sir James Everton went to repair the error of years. No little astonishment it created to see him come back to Everton Hall, accompanied by his long-estranged nephew. His uncle had sought him out, and asked his forgiveness for the neglect of past years. He had asked frankly and as frankly received an assurance of the good-will of his nephew. It was as a token of their reconciliation, that Richard entered to night, his uncle's house, by his uncle's side. He could scarcely credit the words his uncle uttered. For Sir James Everton had made Richard confess his love for Madaline; and while the young man had sat silent, awaiting a harsh reprimand for his presumption, his uncle, with a voice strangely unsteady, had said:

"Then, Richard, if you love her, and believe your love returned, go and seek Madaline out. Learn what her feelings truly are. If she reciprocates your attachment you shall have her."

"Sir," uttered Richard, trembligly, "sir, you will then permit her to wed a poor man like myself?"

"Richard," answered his uncle, excitedly, "if you had not a penny I would give her to you with freedom. For she has led you to believe that she is not indifferent to you."

"Yes—she has—she has!" uttered Richard, with impetuous earnestness.

"Yet, Richard," and the old man was pale with emotion, "let me warn—though it is with the deepest pain that I utter it—I would have you prepare yourself for disappointment. She may have been deceiving you."

"Deceiving me!" Richard's countenance grew colorless as marble. "No, no, anything but that!"

"Come and see, then, Richard. Satisfy yourself. Learn her sentiments towards you from her own lips. Then, if she loves, and is thus worthy of you, my blessing shall be upon your union. But if not, then—"

He did not finish, and they went forth in silence. But on their way, he said, in a voice of emotion, "Richard, I dread the coming hour, for it may be like one that has brought to me the greatest suffering my life ever knew. Too strongly does Madaline remind me of one who once played *me* false. It would be a bitter thing, to feel that a child of mine should cause another the unhappiness she brought to me."

Looking from her own little casement, Lucy Everton had seen him coming towards the hall, and with mingled happiness and sorrow, went down to welcome her cousin to her father's house. She knew what he had come for, and how hopeless was his errand.

It was with complete astonishment that Madaline beheld Richard, and learned that henceforth her father welcomed him for all time, to his heart and his home. Greater, still her agitation and confusion, when, sanctioned by her father's approval, Richard asked her, trembling between hope and fear, to be his wife.

But the trial had come, and must be passed. So, while he waited, with a brow pale with suspense, to learn his fate, she answered, calmly:

"I am very sorry, Richard, if you have misunderstood me. I am betrothed to another. Mr. Cameron is to-night to seek my father's consent to our union."

"Madaline, Madaline," he uttered, "can this indeed be so? O, if looks and tones are not to be trusted, how wofully have I deceived myself!"

"You are right, Richard," she answered, haughtily. "You *have* deceived yourself. I do not know what right you have to believe that I could ever marry a poor country clergyman."

Feeling that she was guilty of meanness towards her cousin, her anger rose, and displayed itself against him for forcing the consciousness upon her. In a hasty moment her incensed feelings found vent in this unworthy language.

For one moment the blood rushed painfully to his brow, then receded. He rose.

"Madaline," he said, "I have been presumptuous. I should have known better than to offer you my poor fortunes. But it was more—it was a true heart's love that I brought you. It has returned to me now. Forget, Madaline, as I shall do, that it ever existed."

"O, Madaline, Madaline! how could you be so cruel to Richard?"

The cheek of Madaline flushed angrily, as Lucy's sorrowful voice uttered its gentle rebuke.

"Cruel, Lucy? I do not understand you. I do not see any cruelty in refusing a man whom I do not care for in the slightest degree."

"But you made him believe you liked him—you know it, Madaline. You know how he hung on every look and word of yours. You knew it, Madaline, and it was cruel to lead him on to the very last and then cast aside the heart he offered you."

"It was his own fault. He should not have presumed as he did. And now let us leave this subject. It is one I do not choose to discuss further."

So Madaline Everton married Mr. Cameron, and left Everton Hall for a new home. But it was with many a pang of conscience that she prepared for all this. Her father never smiled on her after her heartless rejection of Richard. His demeanor, cold, constrained and severe, punished her for her unworthy conduct, in its change from his former free and affectionate manner. But so it continued to the last moment of her departure; and she went away with her husband, knowing that she had lost her father's respect, and feeling and seeing that Richard, seeing her in her true light, that of a heartless coquette, had completely thrown off the thraldom in which her charms had held him. She felt that he, in his noble, lofty manhood, looked with compassion on the littleness of her nature; not despising her, because he was too gentle—too truly good to despise a living creature—but pitying her sincerely, and loving her no longer. For he saw her now as she was.

Lucy and her father lived alone at Everton, now, and the place was very quiet. Madaline's departure from it had necessarily made it so; while the memory of her falsity and unworthiness combined to cast a shadow over the hearts of those she had left.

"Richard," said Sir James one day, "we are lonely at Everton. I am growing an old man now. Will you come and dwell there with me? You have no ties to keep you away."

The gentle friendliness always marking Sir James's manner towards his nephew since their reconciliation, had won Richard's heart. He had grown to respect first, then to love his uncle. No sad remembrance of Madaline intruded now to render painful to him the thought of dwelling in the house so thronged with associations connected with her. He knew that his uncle needed his society. He experienced some pleasure in being so near him and Lucy; and he went away from his own quiet home to theirs. They were all happier for his coming. The old mansion seemed to grow pleasanter than it ever had been, after he came. The long, bright summer days grew brighter, though they fled more swiftly in the sunshine of Richard's presence.

They were beautiful Sabbaths, too, when leaning on her father's arm, with Richard on the other side, Lucy walked to the little village church; and then, within its gray old walls, they listened to his voice from the sacred desk, and gathered his gentle teachings up in their hearts.

They were pleasant Sabbaths to Sir James. He learned the full worth of Richard, both from his precepts and his daily life. He saw him beloved and reverenced by his parishioners, and he himself grew to honor no less than love him.

And who shall say how gentle Lucy Everton revered her noble cousin? Ever near him, she saw more fully and clearly, day by day, the value of that which her sister had so wilfully cast aside. She looked up to Richard with quiet, earnest, silent affection—a blending of love, respect and reverence, such as her gentle and thoughtful nature must feel for that which was beautiful and noble and good.

"O, Madaline, Madaline!" she murmured mentally, sometimes, "why did you reject him? How happy, how enviable would have been your destiny, as the bride of Richard."

But all things were as they should have been. Far away from Everton Hall, in all the bustle and whirl of the gay metropolis, Madaline was leading such a life of splendor and of worldly triumph as was best suited to her nature; and Richard Everton, hearing of her brilliant existence there, realized the wisdom of that Providence by which all things are rightly ordered, and gave no sigh or regret to the hour when his path was so ruthlessly turned aside from that of his vain and beautiful cousin.

Quietly and happily a few brief years glided away; and then Sir James Everton was gathered to his fathers. He died a peaceful death, blessing Richard and his children in his last fleeting moments; conversing seriously and affectionately with Madaline, who, forgetting her vanity and her heartlessness, mourned with the keenest distress for his approaching loss, and bequeathing the weeping Lucy to Richard's care.

Richard went away after his uncle's death, on a journey; and Lucy, in her mourning solitude, dwelt alone at Everton; for she would not go to her sister's splendid home in those sorrowful days. She preferred retirement, more suited to grief. Everton was Richard's now, and all that belonged to it. The title of his uncle, with the bulk of his property, was bequeathed to him. Lucy's property consisted of one or two estates which came to her from her mother. She only remained at Everton now, till her cousin should return. Then she was going away. She told him so, on the wild November evening when they sat together in the old drawing-room by the fire, after he came back.

"Going, Lucy?" he echoed, gently; "no, no. Everton is your home."

She shook her head, sadly, without speaking. Richard regarded her tenderly for a moment, then laid his hand on hers.

"Lucy, Everton would miss you a great deal; do you not think it would?"

Still she did not speak; but the tears filled her eyes.

"Yes, Everton would miss you much; but *I* should miss you more," he said, in a tone of sweet and serious affection. "Lucy, I should not be at rest, if you were not here. It is very, very sweet to have you near me. Lucy, you will not go away from home—from me? I would have you stay, dear one, as the mistress of Everton still; as Richard Everton's wife. Will you wed him, my beloved cousin?"

It was a moment for Lucy Everton too sweet to be real. "*Richard's wife.*" But it was true; and now the tears were happy ones that fell from Lucy's eyes, as Richard drew her to his breast.

## Jester's Picnic.

A good story is told by the New Haven Register of "Bishop," who was sent down to New York with one of his patent fly-trap machines, which makes the fly catch himself by a revolving cylinder. A butcher was very desirous he should set it agoing in his shop, and in the course of half an hour something less than a pack of flies had been "hived." The butcher was pleased, but concluded, as his flies were "all trapped," he "didn't want the machine." "Very well," said Bishop; "I'm a Yankee, and I want take any advantage of you by carrying off your flies," and drawing the slide, he liberated the whole swarm about the butcher's ears, and beat a retreat under cover of a title the loudest buzzing ever heard in that vicinity.

An amusing incident occurred a few days since. A certain lady had been much annoyed by the ringing of her door-bell by the mischievous boys in the vicinity, and determined to be made no more a fool of by going to the door. In the course of the forenoon, her minister called to see her, dressed in his sprucest manner; he ascended the steps, and gently drew the bell-handle, when the lady shouted from the entry—

"I see you, boy; if I catch you, I'll wring your neck!" The affrighted gentleman immediately rushed down the steps, through a small crowd of young scamps, and has not been seen since.

An elegantly dressed and aristocratic looking lady entered a first class railroad car, at the Park depot a day or two ago. As she opened the door and took her place she observed that the car was occupied by three or four gentlemen, one of whom, at the moment of her appearance, was in the act of lighting his cigar. Observing the lady, he made a significant grimace, and, with the characteristic word-politeness of a Frenchman said: "I would smoking incommode you, madam?" The lady turned toward him, and with an air of quiet dignity replied: "I do not know, sir; no *gentleman* has ever yet smoked in my presence!" He put out his cigar.

*Curiosities wanted*—A drummer to beat the time for the march of intellect. A pair of muffers. An item in the "light of other days." A ring for the finger of scorn. A cushion for the seat of government. By a leader, the lever that was used to raise the wind. The head of a boat's painter. A ribbon from the bonnet of a jib. The string of a brandy sling. A pig from the pen that was mightier than the sword. A gem from the "mine of fellow." A hoop from a soldier's casque (cask). A map of the matrimonial state.

When Brougham attacked the Duke of Newcastle for interrupting the Duke of Wellington in his speech on the Haycocks Hills, Lord Lyndhurst hugged Brougham familiarly by the skirt of the coat, observing, "Newcastle is warm; he is flaring up: don't add fuel to the fire." "I can't help it," replied Brougham. "My dear fellow," continued Lyndhurst, "adding fuel to the fire is in this case literally taking coals to Newcastle." The joke was too powerful for Brougham to resist, so he laughed, and sat down.

"What are you staring at, sir, may I ask?" said an imperialed mustached "blood" to a "Hoosier" on a Mississippi steamboat, who had been watching him as a cat watches a mouse, for some fifteen minutes.

"I *thought* so!" exclaimed the "Hoosier," the moment the other spoke; "I *said* you'd got a mouth, and I was only waitin' to see ye *sarcin* about it, to show ye're Hoss." Stranger, what'll you drink? or had you rather fight? I don't care which *myself*."

Robert Kettle, of Glasgow, was of a joyous nature; and the very things that would have irritated others, only excited his mirth. Having left some temperance tracts at the house of a friend, he found them on calling a few days after, serving the purpose of paper curls to one of the young ladies. "Well," said he, "I see you have made use of the tracts," but immediately observed the confusion into merriment by adding—"only, ye hae put them *on the wrong side o' yer head*, lassie."

"O," said the charming Miss Flounceteffa, "what a sweet dress is a sailor's: dee that open collar, with a black silk tie. How romantic! I declare it is perfectly enchanting!!!"

"Well if it's enchanting and romantic," said the growling old papa, "why don't you embody the idea in one word, and call it neck-romantic?"

Miss Flounceteffa was used to such remarks, and hence rapidly recovered from the attack.

Sir James Mackintosh invited Dr. Parr to take a drive in his gig. The horse became restive. "Gently, Jemmy," says the doctor; "take care; don't irritate him; always soothe your horse, Jemmy. You'll do better without me. Let me down, Jemmy." Once on terra firma the doctor's view of the case was changed. "Now, Jemmy, touch him up—pounce him—flog him; and now I'll leave you to manage him—I'll walk back."

*A Pun.*—By the statute 6, George II., c. 37, it was made felony, without benefit of clergy, to destroy an ash. Dr. Ash, a great wit, and a faithful friend to punning, was once wet through with the rain, and upon going into an inn asked the waiter to take off his coat for him; upon which the waiter started and said he would not, for it was felony to *strip an ash*. Dr. Ash used to say he would have given £50 to be the author of that pun.

The Rev. Richard Cambridge was one of the contributors to a literary paper called *The World*, published in an English town. A note from the editor, requesting an essay, was put into Cambridge's hands one Sunday morning, as he was going to church. During the sermon his wife observed him to be very inattentive, and whispered to him, "Of what are you thinking?" "Of the next *World*, my love," was the witty reply.

The celebrated Zimmerman went from Hanover to attend Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day the king said to him, "You have, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world?" This was rather a bitter pill for the doctor: but the dose he gave the king in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery: "Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

During the retreat of the British troops in Holland, while they were floundering through the sand in a part of the road uncommonly bad, a corps of the guards were much scattered, when the commanding officer called out to the men to form two deep.

"Blast me!" shouts a grenadier between two mountains of mud, "I am *too* deep already—I am up to my neck!"

A friend of ours the other day was accosted in one of our streets with the words—"Do you know the time, sir?" Upon which he pulled out his watch, and after consulting it, returned it to his pocket, coolly replying to the interrogative—"Yes, sir, I do," and then walked off, leaving the questioner abashed at his own ridiculous way of inquiring the time.

Some wag took a drunken fellow, placed him in a coffin with the lid left so that he could raise it, placed him in a graveyard, and waited to see the effect. After a short time the fumes of the liquor left him, and his position being rather confined, he sat upright, and after looking around, exclaimed: "Well, I'm the first that's ris' or else I'm confoundedly belated!!!"


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